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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1899.

The Week.

Scoffers may question the President's dignity, or even his political wisdom, in campaigning through the Western wilds; but no one can deny that he is doing his canvassing in the highest style of the country politician. Only long experience at county fairs could give Mr. McKinley such easy and subtle grace of flattery. His speech at Hoopston, Ill. (Query, Whoopston?), on Wednesday week was a real model of its kind. He had seen many happy and intelligent people in the course of his travels, but really the Hoopstonians were a *leetle* the finest lot of folks he had yet met. Imagine the happy and intelligent Hoopstonian grin! Just think of it—the President said so; and he knew that our principal industry here is canning, and congratulated us on using American tin, and hoped we should all have employment at fair wages, and good crops at fair prices. It was a great day for Hoopston. And yet unlucky De Lome was sent out of the country for saying that Mr. McKinley was a good "mixer" *(populachero)!*

In the interval of waving the flag, blessing the home, and greeting the dear children, the President of the United States on Friday taunted Aguinaldo with having taken a "bribe" from the Spaniards. Now this same President sent to the Senate on January 4, 1899, a treaty of peace with Spain, and "accompanying papers." One of these was a report on the Philippines by Major-Gen. F. V. Greene, U. S. V., and in the course of it that officer referred to the alleged bribe-taking only to speak of "the very honorable position taken by Aguinaldo." He resisted, says Gen. Greene, an attempt to divide among the insurgents, according to rank, the sum paid by Spain, and "claimed that the money was a trust fund, and was to remain on deposit until it was seen whether the Spaniards would carry out their promised reforms, and, if they failed to do so, it was to be used to defray the expenses of a new insurrection." Thus we see that Mr. McKinley published in advance the exposure of the stale calumny which he has now seen fit to repeat.

While President McKinley was reciting to his audience at Minneapolis on Thursday a list of the acquisitions of territory made by the United States at various times since the foundation of the Government, and promising all sorts of blessings to the Filipinos in the fulness of time, certain citizens of Philadelphia, not a very great number, but of great importance by virtue of their character and services, met together to form an "American League." Ex-Senator Edmunds, Mr. Herbert Welsh, and Mr. George G. Mercer were foremost in the list. They set forth in a single paragraph the objects of their organization, which they declare to be:

> "To maintain the truths set forth in the Declaration of Independence and to oppose the expansion and establishment of the dominion of the United States by conquest or otherwise *over unwilling peoples* in any part of the globe, and at the present time to promote such measures by Congress as shall terminate hostile operations against the people of the Philippine Islands, who wish to govern themselves, and to aid in securing to them, through the friendly assistance of the United States, the peace, liberty, and order of just republican government."

Now observe the difference between this simple declaration of the truths of the Declaration of Independence and the long, rambling, and pointless speech of the President of the United States delivered on the same day at Minneapolis. Mr. McKinley was voluble in promises of doing good to such of the Filipinos as shall be alive at the end of the present war. He promised to promote their material interests and to advance them in the path of civilization. He said that they should not be governed as vassals, or serfs, or slaves, but on the contrary should have a government of liberty regulated by law, etc. He promised them everything except the one thing that Senator Edmunds, Herbert Welsh, and their colleagues ask for them—that is, the right to form their own government. He promised them a government "honestly administered." This, coming from the man who appointed Saylor consul at Matanzas at the bidding of Matt Quay, who debauched the civil service to enable Hanna to control the Ohio convention, is too painful to be even laughed at.

That gleaming knife of the trained diplomatist of the *Tribune* was plunged once more into the vitals of William McKinley on Tuesday, by way of Columbus. The readers of the *Tribune* were told that the President has "gone to the rescue" of his party in his home State; that good results are expected from his visit because "he is a wise and adroit leader, *particularly in his own behalf*"; that crowds always rush to hear a President speak, and "devour every word he utters," because "his exalted position endows his speeches with a deep meaning, no matter what their import." What a fine circumlocutory way that is of saying that William McKinley sometimes makes remarks that would not be considered worth listening to if he were not President. Then there is Hanna. The same knife that goes smoothly into McKinley passes into Hanna with a thrust truly venomous. The fight in the State "is practically an anti-McKinley-Hanna fight because the President loyally sustains Mr. Hanna at every turn," though Hanna is "an adroit politician and good organizer" whose "personal following in Ohio is of small proportions and infinitesimal weight," and who "in a popular election in his own county would simply be nowhere." In fact, he is the "obscure Hanna, an unknown political quantity," raised by the President to his present political altitude. Well, well! Who can be the correspondent in Ohio's modest capital to whom the editor of the party's chief organ allows such extraordinary freedom of expression?

There has been a good deal of discussion as to the right name for the military proceedings in the Philippines. The McKinley Administration has strongly opposed the use of the word "war." It has been earnestly insisted that it is only an "insurrection," or a "revolt," which is in progress. The Roosevelt Administration at Albany, however, has officially decided that it is war. A law was passed by the Legislature of 1898, which provided that, "whenever, in time of war," any qualified elector of this State is in the actual military service of the State or of the United States, and consequently absent from his election district, such absent elector shall be entitled to vote as fully as if he were present at his place of residence; and elaborate provisions were made for the registry by the Secretary of State of the electors so absent in the war, and for the receipt of their ballots in the field. A year ago, the United States was still technically at war with Spain, the treaty of peace not having then been ratified, and the right of such soldiers to vote was clear. But this fall they have no right to vote unless this is also a "time of war." The Roosevelt Administration has settled the question by making all the necessary arrangements for furnishing ballots to New York soldiers in the Philippines. So it is now officially correct to speak of the war in the Philippines.

The authorities at Washington permit the news to come out that the situation of affairs in Manila is very critical, that an outbreak among the poorer elements of the population on Sunday was prevented only by vigorous measures, taken in accordance with a warning which had been brought to the military authorities. Why are the poorer classes dissatisfied with the blessings of American rule that Gen. Otis is giving them? In his latest

contribution to the *Congregationalist* the Rev. Peter MacQueen says that the "Americans have kept the old Spanish taxes in all their wanton rigor"; that the "Filipinos of Manila pay higher taxes now than they did in the worst days of Weyler"; that the Americans "have revived many obsolete taxes, and are collecting them with terrific rigor," and that in the American army "there have been scoundrels who have gone into private houses dressed in soldiers' uniforms, and have demanded from the poor wretches a tax, which they spent in the neighboring saloon." This finds confirmation in a San Francisco dispatch to the *Tribune* of Monday, containing an account which a Manila correspondent has sent to the Hong Kong *Mail*. "Murders, robberies, and crimes of every description are greater than before." Yet it was only on Saturday that President McKinley told the people of North Dakota: "Our flag is there. Wherever that standard is raised, whether in the Eastern or Western Hemisphere, it stands for liberty, civilization, and humanity."

It is a curious fact that, while all the indications promise Bryan's renomination next year, his especial friends behave as though they were in much doubt about it, and are ready to disregard all precedents in order to insure the choice of delegates to the national convention who will support him. In Massachusetts George Fred Williams insisted that delegates should be chosen by the recent State convention months before the national convention is called, and in violation of the rule by which heretofore all of the delegates from the State, except those "at large," have been named by conventions in the various Congressional districts. Now it is announced that prominent Bryanites will urge the Democratic national committee to change the basis of representation in the convention so that, instead of two delegates being elected from each Congressional district, and four at large from each State, all the delegates will be elected at large, in proportion to the vote cast for Bryan at the last Presidential election, the ratio being one delegate for each 10,000 Bryan votes—provided that each Congressional district in a State get at least one delegate. Anybody can see at a glance that the effect of this would be to diminish the size of the delegations from those Eastern States in which Bryanism is weak, and proportionally to enlarge the power of those Southern and Western States in which Bryanism is strongest. The queerest thing about such a movement to force Bryan's renomination is, that there does not seem to be any need of it.

Speaker Henderson, as we shall be calling him so soon that the title may already be anticipated, is a shrewd politician, and a good many leaders in both parties who have been worried by the Trust issue will envy his skill in disposing of it. Of course, Mr. Henderson is "down on Trusts," and of course he holds that something ought to be done about them. He thinks that the best way would be to have Federal legislation, so that the treatment of these combinations might be uniform throughout the nation. But, in order to secure such Federal legislation, more power must be given to Congress than he is able to find in the Constitution of the United States, and consequently that instrument must be amended. Mr. Henderson admits that it would be "no easy task to frame such a constitutional amendment, and to legislate thereunder so as to reach the desired results, without too much centralization of power in the general government, and without encroaching upon the power of the States"; but he believes that a proper amendment can be drawn up and passed by Congress, and that the States would promptly ratify it. Incidentally this policy would remove the Trust issue from politics during the two or three years which would be the shortest time for carrying through the amendment programme, so that Mr. Henderson's scheme is the shrewdest way of getting it out of the next national campaign that anybody has yet suggested.

The Speaker of the next House, by the way, has no sympathy whatever with the idea which has been advocated by many prominent Republican politicians and newspapers of late, that something effective can be done to cripple the Trusts through Congressional legislation, by removing the protection of the tariff from those which profit by it. The notion of "tampering with the tariff" for any purpose is intolerable to Mr. Henderson. He cannot abide "free trade," even to check monopoly. He asks what would be the effect of free trade, even when applied to protected combinations in this country, and replies that "clearly the result will be to have the foreign Trusts and combinations of capital get the American market, instead of those of our own country." He therefore concludes that this is not the remedy. "Let us," he says, "absolutely control by law, firmly and wisely, the aggregated capital of our own country, but let our own capital, with our own labor, furnish what is needed by our own people." Ex-Senator Washburn of Minnesota, the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, the Hartford *Courant*, and the other Republican advocates of tariff legislation to check Trusts, thus have notice served upon them that their "free-trade" agitation will receive no favor in the next Congress.

The official statement of this Government's attitude in reference to the war in the Transvaal published on Thursday is most commendable. It puts an end to all thought of our meddling with a matter that does not concern us—meddling by word of mouth or otherwise. Our taking charge of British interests at Pretoria in a diplomatic way signifies nothing except a disposition to return an act of courtesy which Great Britain extended to us during our war with Spain. It will be remembered that our Minister to France, the Hon. E. B. Washburne, took charge of the German interests at Paris during the Franco-Prussian war. England seems to be much cheered by evidence that American opinion is on her side in this war. For this favor she must thank the Transvaal itself. If Great Britain had fired the first gun, the case would have been widely different, but even in that case we could not have meddled with the affair even by word of mouth without the request of both parties. The result of the war will be the loss by the Transvaal of the Johannesburg district, the gold-bearing range, if nothing more, and this will perhaps be a good thing for the world. What will happen to the Orange Free State will depend upon her own acts. She had no quarrel with Great Britain. If she seeks one without provocation, she must accept the consequences. Here again Mr. Chamberlain finds his enemies working for him.

Senator Jones of Arkansas, who returned from Europe last week, and reported that, during his travels on the other side of the ocean the last few months, he had "not been able to see that there is any great material prosperity among the agricultural and similar classes" in the United States, must be interested in the reports as to traffic on transportation lines throughout the country. Not only have the railroads been doing an enormous business for months, but there is now such a car-famine as never was before known. The leading companies cannot "beg, borrow, or steal" cars enough to carry the freight which is thrust upon them, and shippers are ready to pay higher rates if they can only have their freight moved. There is a like scarcity of boats on the great lakes, as the boom in iron has caused an unprecedented demand for the carriage of iron ore by water, and the steamers have little room left for grain and provisions. A prominent railroad man is quoted as saying that there is now enough business in sight to keep every railroad car busy for months to come. Mr. Jones will soon find that the country is prosperous, and that all classes are sharing in its prosperity. The only thing left for him and the rest of the Bryanites is to claim that the universal prosperity is due to the general belief that Bryan will be elected President in 1900. That would not be much

more ridiculous than the Republican claim that it is due to the Dingley tariff of 1897.

An enormous excess of merchandise exports over imports between 1896 and 1899 not only counterbalanced continuous return of American securities from abroad, and remittance of $141,000,000 gold within twelve months, but left, after this, a foreign credit balance in our favor, estimated at not less than $100,000,000. As 1899 opened, the American export trade fully maintained the unprecedented volume of the preceding year. It thus became a highly interesting question how the international settlements of the new year would be effected. An end must come, of course, to the supply of American shares and bonds for sale by Europe, and it was hardly probable that another wholesale draft on Europe's gold reserves would be willingly contemplated. The fact that, in 1880, a very similar period in American commerce and finance, Europe's settlement was effected through increase of $222,000,000 in merchandise imports for the year, following rapid advances in American commercial prices, suggested the possibility of similar results this season. As against this suggestion, it was objected that American commodity prices in 1899 had not, like those of 1880, gone above parity with foreign prices. Instead of that, our own prices had been slow to move, and were still at or below the foreign level. This fact, it was contended, would prevent a wholesale expansion of the import trade. Events have proved that although the premises of this argument were correct, the conclusion was mistaken. Saturday's Treasury report on last month's foreign commerce shows that in the nine first months of 1899 our import of foreign merchandise, as compared with 1898, increased $110,000,000. During the past two months alone there was an increase of nearly forty millions.

It is not, however, manufactured imports which have provided most of this increased trade. The last classified statement published by the Treasury—that for August—showed an increase in manufactured imports, for the year to that date, of barely seven million dollars. One great part of the increase has come, as is natural in the active state of domestic manufacture, from heavier receipts of foreign raw material for American mills; another very considerable part, from increased import of articles of luxury, for which the prosperity of our people assured a market. The net result is, that although our exports still substantially exceed our imports, the monthly credit balance on foreign trade account is much reduced, and Europe has managed to avoid heavy remittances of gold, even in the recent New York "money squeeze." The episode has theoretical as well as practical interest, in showing how international finance automatically adjusts itself. A lucky accident of nature creates for one country an unprecedented credit balance in exchange, and the same cause brings about great increase in that country's available capital. But such surplus capital is immediately used for investment in securities or for purchase of personal luxuries and necessities. The one process raises the price of stocks and bonds, the other raises the price of merchandise; the higher bid increases the flow of securities and merchandise from abroad, and in the end a balance is fairly struck again.

The adjournment of the Mazet committee till October 31, or till the close of the campaign, without calling Gen. Tracy, is a confession of partisan control which is fatal. The General should have been put on the stand at the earliest possible moment after his arrival in this country a week ago. Instead of summoning him, the committee has spent a week in inquiring into all sorts of matters except the Ramapo swindle, although that was the one subject which commanded popular interest and was the one which the committee had made the loudest promises to probe to the bottom. There can be only one explanation of their conduct, and that is that Platt would not permit them to compel Gen. Tracy's attendance. The General has been from the outset of the Ramapo inquiry the man above all others from whom the public wished to hear. He was in at the beginning of the job, he took it with him into the Platt Family Law Firm, and he stayed with it pretty closely till Lauterbach and Dutcher came in and induced Tammany to take it up. As the *Tribune* said on Friday, the committee "traced the Tammany deals into the offices of Gen. Tracy, Mr. Lauterbach, Mr. Dutcher, and indirectly into that of Mr. Platt himself. There they are, and there they will remain—unless Mr. Platt and the committee remove them. They cannot do it by running away." They have decided to run away rather than follow the trails any further, and upon that decision there can be only one verdict. The Old Man was afraid that the trail would pass the doorway of his private office, and so he gave orders to the committee to adjourn and leave Gen. Tracy uncalled. As he himself remarked a few days ago, the committee had become a "mighty dangerous" body, and the sooner they adjourned the better.

The result of the first, long-delayed yacht race between *Columbia* and *Shamrock* on Monday seems to settle two points conclusively: first, that the American boat is decidedly the faster of the two in ordinary light sailing conditions, and, secondly, that it is extremely dangerous to put much faith in the mass of what it is now the newspaper fashion to call expert nautical opinion. Certainly, thus far, all the speculations of the most confident prophets have been upset in a manner which would be rather ridiculous if it was not so eminently satisfactory. So far as can be judged, there were no flukes about the struggle, and it seems clear that in a moderately light and steady wind *Columbia* going to windward can outpoint her adversary rapidly and continuously, while in running before the wind she is at least her equal if not somewhat her superior. There were indications of both these facts in all the preliminary trials, but no attention was paid to them by the theorists who founded their conclusions solely upon imperfect observations of the contours of the yachts. Of course, *Shamrock* is a fast boat, and may yet do much better in such conditions of wind and water as may be best suited to her model, but obviously there has been no sufficient reason for the semi-panic recently established among the friends of *Columbia*. On Tuesday the *Shamrock* unfortunately lost a race by breaking her topmast.

The present French Minister of War, the Marquis de Galliffet, has done much during the short time that he has been in office that entitles him to the gratitude of his country, but his most important service, perhaps, is the promulgation of the decree taking the power of appointment of colonels and all superior army officers from the Superior Commission of Classification and the Supreme Council of War, and restoring it to the Minister of War, who always had held it until less than a year ago. It was M. de Freycinet who invested the military commissions with this dangerous authority, because he did not wish to incur the responsibility of making these important nominations, preferring to cast it upon the army itself, without reflecting, apparently, that he was depriving the civil authority of a most important privilege and safeguard, and subordinating public interest to that of a military clique. The natural result, of course, was that the higher officers, some of whom made such lamentable spectacles of themselves in the Dreyfus case, felt themselves to be practically independent of the Government and the War Minister of the moment, and devoted all their energies to winning the good will of the special committees which controlled promotion. These committees are now reduced to their original standing, as merely advisory bodies, and the Minister of War, who is primarily a member of the civil government, resumes his old functions, which include the power of promotion in the Legion of Honor as well as in the army.

WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

In possession of a strong and daily strengthening case, President Krüger has thrown it all away. His wild ultimatum put his country at the mercy of Great Britain. By one mad stroke he solidified all parties in England in support of the Government, stopped the mouths of the European friends of the Transvaal, alienated the sympathy which the Boer cause was winning in the United States, and made war inevitable where peace was possible. The proof of this is in the official dispatches. At the very beginning, on May 31, when Sir Alfred Milner met Krüger at Bloemfontein, it was made plain, in every way that words could make it plain, that England asked only a reasonable franchise and elementary political rights for her subjects resident in the Transvaal. "Ah, but the intention was to swamp the burghers with the new electorate!" Let us read Sir Alfred's exact words:

"I do not expect that in the South African Republic more than would be reasonable should be conceded. What I think and desire is that the immigrant population, which is occupied with its trade and industry, and to which the country owes its present position, wealth, and influence, ought to have an actual share in the government of the country—not to outvote the old burghers, but to share in the government, and to give the benefit, by their knowledge and experience, to the old burghers—which, in my opinion, is of more importance than that of the old burghers. The time will come when there will no longer be old and young burghers, but that these will be united as burghers of 'one' state. For that purpose, therefore, it is not sufficient that a few shall be admitted. But it would also be unfair to admit all the rag-tag, irrespective of their character. But such an admission is desired that the new industrial population shall be given reasonable concession by being allowed to vote for the Volksraad, which possesses all the power which they do not possess now. When a question of great interest comes before that Volksraad now, the strangers are always regarded as strangers, and although the best law, in the eyes of those who make it, is made for them, it is nevertheless the general opinion of the citizens of a progressive nation that the laws should be made as well as possible by those persons who have to pay, and not by others who exist outside the operation of the law. . . . I do not want the old population to be outvoted, but it is chiefly my object to give a vote to the new population, and to leave the old burghers in such a position that they cannot be outvoted."

If this settlement of the controversy was not one that insured peace with honor, why did President Krüger afterwards assent to it? Although he refused to do it at Bloemfontein, he did later make the offer of a five years' franchise, with a certain number of seats in the Volksraad assigned to the Rand. This was what Sir Alfred Milner had said would be satisfactory. Mr. Chamberlain said at the time that it would be satisfactory. Here is his dispatch of September 8:

"Her Majesty's Government are still prepared to accept the offer made in paragraphs 1, 2, and 3 of the note of the 19th August taken by themselves, provided that the inquiry which her Majesty's Government have proposed, whether joint—as her Majesty's Government originally suggested—or unilateral, shows that the new scheme of representation will not be encumbered by conditions which will nullify the intention to give substantial and immediate representation to the Uitlanders. In this connection her Majesty's Government assume that, as stated to the British Agent, the new members of the Raad will be permitted to use their own language.

"The acceptance of these terms by the Government of the South African Republic would at once remove the tension between the two Governments, and would in all probability render unnecessary any further intervention on the part of her Majesty's Government to secure the redress of grievances which the Uitlanders would themselves be able to bring to the notice of the Executive and the Raad."

Is there any war in that—any intention to "wipe out the Transvaal"? In fact, everybody thought this meant peace secured. An offer had been made by the Transvaal; England had said that it would satisfy all her demands; was not that peace with honor for both sides? But the Transvaal withdrew its offer—why, has never been explained, except that there was a verbal misunderstanding on the part of the British agent at Pretoria. But was that any reason for breaking off the whole negotiation and launching an ultimatum which infallibly meant war?

Critical as the negotiation was, there was bright promise of peace in it if England was sincere in what she said, and if the South African Republic was sincere in what it said. It may be asserted—of course, the Boers do assert it—that the English Government meant war. There have been many suspicious things in Mr. Chamberlain's Transvaal policy. It might plausibly be maintained that his profuse protestations in 1896, followed by the leisurely, not to say dilatory, negotiations of 1897 and 1898, were only a way of masking his real purpose, which was to lull Krüger to sleep until the Anglo-German agreement was made, until Delagoa Bay was secured, and then snap the trap. This may be argued, as any motive may be alleged, but no overt act by England has exceeded her undoubted right under international law. Every step she has taken has been lawfully taken, and words of peace, with recognition of the independence of the Transvaal, have been constantly used by her. To charge her with insincerity does not lie in the mouth of the man who breaks off everything and goes to fighting. That act throws grave suspicion upon his own sincerity. The tone and time of the Transvaal ultimatum will do more than anything else to convince Englishmen like Mr. Morley and Sir Edward Clarke and Leonard Courtney that there is no truth in Krüger, and that he never really intended to grant the franchise to the Outlanders.

It is a bad business as it stands, and the possibilities of a desolating war in all South Africa—race against race and the natives rising to glut their vengeance—certainly cannot be overlooked by any man who has studied the situation with any care. No more lurid picture of the horrors and disasters of a war between England and the Transvaal has been painted by anybody than by Mr. Chamberlain, speaking in the Commons. We do not reproduce his words, nor indulge in alarmist prophecies, because it is better to take the events as they come along day by day. When such an astonishing and utterly unaccountable thing as this Transvaal ultimatum can occur, anything may occur, and prophets had better lie low. We shall hear much of French or Russian or German backing for the Boers, but such stories should be received with caution. The English navy is not appreciably involved in the Transvaal war, and it is the English navy which has made Russia and France and Germany think twice. The two republics are practically surrounded. They have not a ship or port. They cannot buy a gun or borrow a dollar from the outside. They will have to live off their own fat. The British are already on the defensive, and must continue to be till they get their troops in hand. Then there will be a general advance, with ultimate results not to be questioned.

ARMAMENTS AND PEACE.

We invite the attention of our friends the military theorists to the light which this Boer war throws upon one of their favorite contentions. This is, that the true way to keep the peace is to go armed to the teeth. Make your guns big enough, your ships swift and destructive enough, and have your powder always dry and your finger on the trigger; be ready to fight at the drop of the handkerchief—and then you may be sure that you will never have to fight at all. This is the sort of talk which, put into elegant and diplomatic language, was heard at The Hague, and blocked all attempts to bring about general disarmament. Great armaments are the only guarantee of peace. No nation will dare to attack another which has an army and fleet up to date, or to resist the just demands of the stronger. The only way for a country to sleep of nights is for it never to sleep. That sounds paradoxical, but the whole argument we are considering is a paradox.

That it is so, let the Transvaal's rush into war testify. It is the pigmy defying the giant. The armament, the scientifically organized army, the fleet sweeping the seas, are all on one side. War on such terms was impossible, according to the Rooseveltian theory; but the fact has let the gas out of the theory. The Boers would never think of making war upon their mighty antagonist, but here they are doing it. Even Lord Salisbury appears to have been taken in this snare. He seems to have yielded to the opinion that the mobilization of an army corps in Natal would bring Krüger to his senses, and that it would be a real help to a peaceable settlement. Does not the ly-

ing old proverb say that if you wish peace you must prepare for war? Well, the English Government prepared for war, and, to their own amazement, found that preparing for war was a very good way to get war. That preponderant force will insure peace is only a modern variant of the big-battalion saying of Napoleon.

Of course, it may be said that the Boers are a set of conceited fools. We usually find people unutterably silly when they upset our theories. It was as crazy in the Boers to fight England as it was in the Filipinos to fight the United States. They should have known they had not the ghost of a chance. We can imagine the indignation of our high-priori military experts at being told that the mad action of ignorant Boers or half-savage Filipinos shows their view to be at fault. They refer only to reasonable people, of course! But that is just the root trouble with the whole theory. It supposes that the question of going to war is settled by any nation in cold blood; that the pros and cons are deliberately and dispassionately weighed; that the military advisers of nation A coolly go over the figures of nation B's armament and decide that the odds are too great, and that therefore there must be no war. All this, however, has not the remotest resemblance to the facts. War is generated in an atmosphere of passion and excitement, where reason cannot live. Probabilities, nice calculations, are thrown to the winds. The nation's brain, in the days immediately preceding war, is in a mad whirl, and no reckoning up of the dangers or the fatal consequences can get any consideration whatever.

It is by no means Boers alone, or Filipinos only, or merely Spaniards who fling themselves against an immensely superior enemy. Any people is subject to such lunacy when the war mania begins to spread. Every nation is boastful. In all languages the proverbs show that foreigners are puny and despicable; that one native is good for six of them. No demonstration but the actual one of overwhelming defeat will convince any country that it cannot whip any other—convince the common people, we mean, the rank and file of the army, and they are the ones who make wars, not the Dryasdust writers on military science. And how are these plain and simple folk to be made to know all the technical details of their adversary's armament? It is all Greek to them. The French beat the Prussians once, and they were sure in 1870 that they could do it again. Sadowa ought to have been an eye-opener to France, but was it? Was the lesson of a new and terrible armament taken to heart? Not at all. The French soldiers in Mexico under Bazaine only laughed when they heard of Sadowa. Remember Auerstädt and Jena. It was one thing to whip Austrians, but Frenchmen! And so they went to battle, *cœur léger*, little dreaming of Metz and Sedan. They were not Boers or Filipinos, but the superior armament of Germany did not, by impressing their superior intelligence, keep them from fighting.

There has always been, to our mind, an element of strange self-deception in writers like Capt. Mahan, who try to smother artillery with flowers. Their own fine humanity and even religious fervor are inconsistent with giving their days and nights to preparing instruments of destruction, and so they labor to argue themselves into believing that death-dealing armaments are not really for use, but only designed, in some occult way, to foster humanity and religion. But the way the thing is actually working in South Africa ought, we think, to give them food for sober reflection. We must clear our minds of cant, military as well as other. The German and Russian delegates at The Hague were franker than the English and American. Emperor William would not agree to arbitrate or disarm, because it would interfere with his divine right to govern wrong. Baron de Staal elegantly put it that no nation should be asked to disarm or arbitrate in any such way as to disappoint its "espérances ultérieures." Capt. Mahan calls it binding the nations' "conscience"; but they all mean the same thing in the end, and it would be better for them all to use the honester and more brutal word.

A PLAIN TALE FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. McKinley has, on his Western campaigning tour, hidden himself in such a forest of waving flags, and filled his speeches with so many hysterical protestations that he loves home and country, old and young, North and South, field and fireside, that it is difficult to find any definite statement of fact or policy to pin him to. A few assertions, however, issue intelligibly out of the confusion, and on them we mean to comment briefly, and as respectfully as possible.

The President announces, as if it were a constitutional principle just discovered by himself, that "the President cannot alienate territory if he would." No more can he acquire territory. But he can negotiate a treaty to do either, and get the Senate to ratify it if he is able. This is all there is to that.

Absolutely united in the war with Spain, Mr. McKinley asserted at Waterloo on Monday, the American people were "practically" united in the conclusion of peace—that is, in approving the treaty. But that "practically" betrays an uneasy consciousness in the orator that perhaps people have memories reaching back as far as last February. He himself knows with what difficulty the treaty was ratified. None knows better than he that if the Philippine clauses could have been separated from the others, they would have been voted down overwhelmingly. What is the record? Why, the Senate, shortly after ratifying the treaty, passed this resolution:

> "That by the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain it is not intended to incorporate the inhabitants of the Philippines into citizenship of the United States, nor is it intended to permanently annex said islands as an integral part of the territory of the United States."

This, of course, had no legal effect. But it had a great moral weight. It was the only formal declaration made by any authorized exponent of American public opinion as to what the people wanted done with the Philippines. If McKinley were really as anxious as he alleges to be a servant of the people, an instrument in the hands of Congress, he would have acted in the spirit of this resolution, and would not have gone about the country declaring, in the teeth of what the Senate voted, that the Philippines are as much an integral part of our territory as Louisiana is.

Mr. McKinley takes up the suggestion that "we could have peace if we would give them [the Filipinos] independence." He seems to regard this as a plan of the devil, or of some unnamed persons under diabolic influence. Perhaps in this way he helps himself to forget what was done in the Senate last winter. Only by the casting vote of the Vice-President was defeated a resolution granting the Filipinos independence—that is, the same terms as the Cubans. One-half the membership of the American Senate, including many Republicans, then stood ready to do what the President now has the effrontery to say that people and Congress are "practically" unanimous in commanding him not to do. Everybody knows that if he, the eager servant of the popular will, as he professes himself to be, had followed that plain indication of the popular will, there would have been no Philippine war. Everybody knows that if he were to follow it to-day, the war would end to-day. The fighting, he says, fills his heart with "anguish." Let him medicine his hurt as one-half the Senate advised, and ease his pain.

What to say of the President's citation of Gen. Wheeler as a conclusive authority on what would happen in the Philippines if we did not fight to the death, we scarcely know. Let us charitably suppose that he forgot his dates. Gen. Wheeler's letter was dated August 29. Now that was the very day he was assigned to duty in the Philippines. This weighty authority had then been in the islands about a week. Yet the President parades his view as if it were final. Lawton, King, Reeve, Anderson, all ignored; the naval officers brushed aside; Worcester and Schurman of no account, and the first snap-shot of an impetuous ca-

valryman taken as settling the whole case!

At Galena Mr. McKinley had, of course, to speak of Grant and "unconditional surrender." He seemed to think that this was somehow a justification of his demand that the Filipinos crawl to his feet before he will confer with them. But it is one thing for a General to demand unconditional surrender of a beaten enemy, and quite another for a President to try to make millions of people come humbly to him with halters about their necks. While Grant was demanding unconditional surrender, what was Lincoln doing? Trying in every way and at all times to bring about peace. Has Mr. McKinley forgotten the famous "To-Whom-It-May-Concern" letter of Lincoln? or his attitude towards the efforts to secure peace made by individuals in Richmond and by Greeley in Canada? Has he, above all, forgotten the indignation with which Lincoln repelled the intimation that he would not listen to peaceful advances from the rebels? The passage is in his letter to the Illinois Republicans, August 23, 1863:

> "Now, allow me to assure you that no word or intimation from that rebel army, or from any of the men controlling it, in relation to any peace compromise, has ever come to my knowledge or belief. All charges and insinuations to the contrary are deceptive and groundless. And I promise you that if any such proposition shall hereafter come, it *shall not be rejected and kept a secret from you.*"

There we have a President dealing with real rebels—men attacking a sovereignty which they had once owned, and attempting to disrupt a nation of which they had always formed a part. Yet Lincoln was ever willing and eager to discuss terms of peace with them. Compare this with McKinley's course. He is dealing with millions of men who are resisting a sovereignty which they have never admitted, and which he is attempting to impose upon them by force of arms. Yet he will not even confer with them. Aguinaldo asks for a conference, and McKinley's General refuses even to see him. Then the Filipino Congress proposes to send a civilian delegation, and the answer is that it "will not be received." The contrast sufficiently measures the distance from Lincoln to McKinley.

THE MORAL OF THE DEWEY RECEPTION.

Two years ago, when the Jingoes had recently begun to beat their tom-tom, we published a letter from a naval officer, assuring us that we need not be afraid that President McKinley would ever declare war, inasmuch as he knew well that his successor would be the General or Admiral who had won the greatest victory in it. Never, since the early days of the republic, have we given wisdom much chance against valor. The statesman has usually gone to the wall before the soldier or sailor, in a competition for our highest office. We have never given much encouragement to the belief that this office can be won by special fitness. We bestow it very much as European sovereigns bestow decorations and orders. We rejoice, as Lord Melbourne did over the order of the Garter, "that there is no damned merit in it." We give it to a man for making himself conspicuous or popular, no matter how, but prefer that he shall distinguish himself by a military exploit. Whether he has any other title to the place we scorn to inquire.

This custom is now deeply embedded in our political manners, all the more deeply because it is to-day the custom of seventy or eighty millions, instead of the custom of five or ten. We had, in the reception given to Admiral Dewey, a striking illustration of the effect of military achievement on the popular imagination. There is nothing in our gift to which a successful general or admiral may not aspire. We give him the Presidency because it is the greatest thing we have to give. The triumph we accorded to Admiral Dewey was the greatest we have ever accorded to a successful soldier or sailor. He would have been a bold man who, in the tremendous crowd three weeks ago in this city, had proclaimed aloud his belief that Dewey's victory was not the greatest achieved since man began to fight on the water. And what was more important—there was probably not a man in that immense multitude who would not have voted for him for the Presidency with a whoop.

Does any one suppose that the revered McKinley was not taking note of these things, that in the recesses of his mansion Dewey did not appear to his affrighted imagination a "shape of dread," that he is not taking great comfort to-day in the belief that the Admiral will not accept the honor the people would like to bestow upon him? There can be little doubt that the alarm excited by this frightful spectacle has induced the President to double the doses of the unctuous Gospel-mixture which he is administering to the helpless people in the West.

Our object in calling attention to these things to-day is to impress more deeply than ever upon the public mind the fact that this insecurity of the President's tenure of his office is one of the strong reasons for believing that we are not a nation born or trained for conquest. In the first place, the plan of electing the chief executive officer of eighty millions every four years, by universal suffrage, is still in the experimental stage. It is still doubtful whether we have hit upon the right plan of nominating candidates for the offices of an immense democracy. Considering the abuses in the civil service, the determination of every President to use his service, more or less, either to secure his own reëlection or the election of some other member of his party, it is still doubtful whether the Constitution-makers were wise in leaving the patronage of the government in his hands. In addition to this, never before in the history of man has such a prize as the Presidency, which we are every day making more valuable, been offered quadrennially to such a mass of voters as ours, of all degrees of knowledge and of ignorance, of every kind of character, and of various races. It remains still to be seen whether our institutions will for ever bear the strain of such contests.

The effect of this strain is already visible upon our domestic affairs. The widespread corruption, the absorption of the public attention in the mere machinery of the Presidential election, to the neglect of questions of legislation and of administration, are already inspiring apprehensions among thoughtful men. Yet our Constitution has worked until now at our own doors, among men of our own race and religion, and under the eager curiosity of our own press. We see our errors and mistakes, and can redress them whenever we please. Our officials do their work under our eyes, and we have abundant opportunity to detect misbehavior and punish them for it. But we are now suddenly plunged into a new career. The Dewey reception reminds us more forcibly than ever that no President can count on more than four years if the victor in a foreign war, or even a distinguished civil servant, is willing to take his place, unless, indeed, the great man himself is ready to take the field and lead his "rough riders" up the "glory-crowned heights." One day's voting may break up the loftiest policy, frustrate the most pious plans, arrest the greatest work of civilization, and return one of the greatest conquerors and publicists of the day to the "practice of the law" in a Western village, at a moment when he may be engaged in the work of governing with almost superhuman sagacity millions of men of unknown tongues and races. And it must be remembered that of the four short years which are allotted to him for these *longs espoirs et vastes pensées*, at least two have to be spent in taking measures, mostly corrupt, to secure his renomination.

For a year and a half this McKinley war has been raging merrily, with little or no knowledge, on the part of the American people, as to what was going on. Their principal paid agent in the new provinces, almost as soon as he began his work, established a censorship so that nothing should be known about him at home which he did not wish to be known. And this is called "taking responsibility"! Worse than all—our pen almost refuses to write it—on the 5th of March, A. D. 1901, the great, the illustrious McKinley may be pursuing "the

practice of the law" in Canton, Ohio, with less consideration than is usually accorded to a discharged bookkeeper.

Now, will any rational Jingo tell us why he believes that this state of things will cease next year, or in four years, or in ten years? Can he deny that the great McKinley, who is conducting this mighty war, is at present occupied far more with "getting delegates" than with the war? And does he not know that in his second year McKinley's successor will be doing just the same thing? Tell us, Rational Jingo, without bursting into song, or into child-like boasting, whether such an enterprise as the great McKinley has entered upon, has ever been conducted with such machinery, and under such conditions, in any period of human history?

THE CAMPAIGN IN OHIO.

Senator Hanna has hoisted a signal of distress by making a speech denouncing the candidacy of Mayor Jones of Toledo for Governor of Ohio, saying that every Republican who votes for Jones virtually casts two votes for McLean and the Democratic ticket. Jones is running as an independent candidate on his record as Mayor of Toledo. He says that his platform is the Golden Rule. It was supposed, when he first announced his intention to run, that his supporters would be mostly drawn from the Democratic ranks. His candidacy was therefore looked upon rather favorably by the Republican leaders. Mr. Hanna's outburst of disapprobation must by the same token be taken as evidence that Jones is likely to draw more votes from the Republicans than from the Democrats. If this be true, the reason must be that more Republicans have been alienated by the war against the Filipinos than Democrats have been deterred by the badness of John R. McLean. The Republican party is ordinarily the majority of the State, and Judge Nash, the Republican nominee for Governor, is personally unobjectionable. If the party is really in danger of losing the State, the fact must be due to some very special cause of dissatisfaction. If more Republicans than Democrats are trooping after the banner of the Golden-Rule candidate, it must be because they think that McKinley's Philippine policy has violated the Golden Rule grossly and indefensibly.

The idea has gone abroad that if the Republican ticket is defeated in McKinley's State this fall, McKinley himself will fail of a renomination next year. The Republican party may drop him and take up some other candidate. This is the view of our esteemed contemporary the *Tribune*. "The crisis," says that acute observer, "might compel a complete readjustment of the Republican lines and plan of battle. Some new name like that of Admiral Dewey, representing our past military victories, might then take like wildfire in the Republican National Convention as a substitute for President McKinley, to whom there is now no opposition." The *Tribune* adverts also to the fact that the new House of Representatives is held by a very narrow Republican majority, and says that "this is always a menace to *an outgoing President seeking a renomination*." Mr. McKinley will no doubt thank the senior Republican organ for advertising him as a seeker after renomination, but 'tis the plain truth, and it might as well be communicated to the Republicans of Ohio who are inclined to support Jones of Toledo and to follow the Golden Rule.

The *Tribune* plucks up courage, however, and says that there is yet plenty of time to close up the war in the Philippines with success—an event which, "if soon achieved, will brighten the Republican outlook as well as the President's." But the most sanguine Republican, even Senator Hanna himself, can hardly expect the war in the Philippines to be closed with success before the Ohio election takes place, the adverse result of which might "dish" Mr. McKinley in the Republican convention next year. The ill-starred campaign projected against the insurgents south of Manila has had very slender results. It has taken place in an ocean of mud in which all the draught animals collapsed, and the leader of the advance force, Capt. Woodbridge Geary, was killed. Even if successful in the object immediately sought, it has very little relation to the general conquest of the island of Luzon. All expectation of completing the conquest in the present month of October has been abandoned. If our esteemed contemporary cherishes any such expectation, it is relying on a broken reed.

The *Tribune* sees more than the defeat of McKinley as a result of the defeat of Nash in Ohio this fall. It thinks that Bryan's chances of renomination would be put in jeopardy also. The theory is that McLean would acquire sufficient prestige to dispute the Presidential nomination with Bryan in the next national Democratic convention. Although possible, this is not at all likely. If McLean were a man of character, so that, on his personal reputation, he could attract the votes of the Independents, the Gold Democrats, the anti-Imperialist Republicans; if he were a man of the type and standing of John M. Palmer, Senator Caffrey, or ex-Senator Vilas, then, with the prestige of a victory in a pivotal State (for such Ohio may be counted this year), he might even unhorse Bryan; but, being the sort of candidate he is, no temporary success in a single State can push him into the Presidency or into a Presidential nomination. He may get some Independent votes now which will be cast not for him but against McKinley and Hanna. These votes would not be given to him for any higher office, not even for the Vice-Presidency. So, too, the votes which are now drifting to Jones would return to the Republican party if this were a Presidential instead of a Gubernatorial contest. The situation in Ohio may be summed up in a word: The Democrats nominated their worst candidate, yet the Republican leaders are in a state of alarm lest he be elected. If he is elected, McKinley may be dropped by his party next year, and somebody else be nominated for President, and the Republican leaders in other States than Ohio would not be sorry.

THE FADING OUT OF AN ISSUE.

A striking feature of the platform adopted by the recent Republican State convention in Massachusetts has not attracted the attention which it merits. This is the attitude assumed toward the question of immigration. Some years ago a movement was started to establish new restrictions upon immigration by the application of an educational test. Laws had already been passed to keep out the criminal, the pauper, and the diseased classes. It was contended that the ignorant ought equally to be denied admission, even if sound in body, correct in morals, and industrious in habits. The propaganda was most earnestly pushed in Massachusetts, and the policy was warmly endorsed by the Republican party in that State, under the leadership of Senator Lodge. As far back as 1895 their convention declared against the policy of admitting any more immigrants who were not "intelligent." Later conventions decided that intelligence was to be discovered by statutes establishing an educational test, and the Massachusetts Republicans induced the national convention of their party in 1896 to take up the scheme as a part of its policy by securing the insertion in the St. Louis platform of the following plank:

> "For the protection of the quality of our American citizenship and of the wages of our workingmen against the fatal competition of low-priced labor, we demand that the immigration laws be thoroughly enforced, *and so extended as to exclude from entrance to the United States those who can neither read nor write.*"

Meanwhile, the issue had been urged in Congress, and during the last days of the session that followed the Republican victory in the national contest of 1896, a bill was sent to President Cleveland which would establish an educational test. The proposed law would limit immigration to those who could read and write twenty-five words of the Constitution of the United States, in either the English or any other language. Some exceptions to this general rule were to be allowed, as permission for a parent, grandparent, wife, or minor child of a qualified immigrant to accompany such immigrant, though unable to

read and write, or to be sent for to join such qualified immigrant, if the latter were capable of supporting the relative. But the intention was to make it the rule that grown-up people, especially those in the active period of life, should be forbidden entrance, without reference to physical, moral, or pecuniary fitness to become good citizens, if they could not read and write.

This most important change in national policy was submitted to Mr. Cleveland during the last week of his second administration. He had never given especial attention to the subject, and when the bill reached his desk, he was overwhelmed with business and not in the best of health. But he took up the question in the conscientious and painstaking fashion always characteristic of the man, and made a thorough study of the proposed statute. He soon found the most serious objections to some of its provisions. With the educational test had been joined a section making it a crime for an alien to come "regularly or habitually" into the United States to work, and return "from time to time" to his own country—in other words, for a Canadian to cross the border line into Detroit in the morning, work in the United States during the day, and go to his Canadian home in the evening, or to go over Monday mornings and return Saturday nights. Mr. Cleveland pointed out the difficulty of construing and enforcing such a rule as coming "regularly or habitually" into this country, and returning "from time to time" to a foreign country. He declared his conviction that such unfriendly legislation could hardly fail to provoke retaliatory measures, to the injury of many of our citizens who now find employment on adjoining foreign soil. He found in this section alone sufficient reason for a veto. But he also showed inconsistencies and impracticabilities in the exceptions allowed to the educational test, as that neither brother nor sister of a qualified immigrant could enter, and that a husband who could read and write, and who determined to abandon an illiterate wife abroad, would find an absolutely safe retreat here. He also took issue sharply with the claim that an educational test would guard the country against the evils feared, holding that the ability to read and write "supplies unsatisfactory evidence of desirable citizenship or a proper appreciation of the benefits of our institutions."

The veto blocked the scheme just as it was on the point of being fixed in our statutes. That was in March, 1897. It is now October, 1899, and the project is dead. The recent Republican convention in Massachusetts absolutely dropped the educational test for immigration, and asked only for "'such further restriction as shall exclude the criminals and paupers of other nations from competing with native and naturalized American labor." The Republican politicians throughout the country are sick of the idea, having received many plain warnings that the opposition to the educational test is strong enough with Republican voters of foreign extraction in many Congressional districts at the West to turn the scales against the party if it shall champion the policy. An issue of considerable importance has thus practically disappeared from our politics.

We have seldom had a more striking proof of the great part which the Presidential veto may play in national legislation. There is now general satisfaction with the defeat of the bill establishing the educational test for immigration. Yet the ill-considered measure would have become a law except for Mr. Cleveland's objection.

PHASES OF BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT.

The country is unusually prosperous. No intelligent person disputes the fact. Even the most stupid "calamity orators" have been forced to admit it. The change from the hard times which followed the panic of 1893 is marked in the field of manufacturing. As the President goes from one large city to another in the Central West, he celebrates the activity of shops and factories and mills of various sorts, and his auditors recognize the truth of what he says about their local industries. It is probably no exaggeration to affirm that a larger proportion of the people in the chief centres of the various sections are working at good wages now than ever before.

But it is an extraordinary fact that while everybody says that the country is prosperous, there are a good many places, in which manufacturing has flourished, where men are being thrown out of work, and the local outlook for the future is discouraging. The Massachusetts newspapers report great dissatisfaction with business conditions in Woburn, a city of about 15,000 inhabitants in the eastern part of the State, because a number of factories and shops engaged in the leather industry have shut down. The Woburn incident attracts considerable attention. But it is not so novel as some people think. The Boston *Advertiser* reports that for months past a number of manufacturing establishments in Massachusetts have been closed every month, and it says that the total number of persons thus thrown out of employment must be far larger than the public has come to understand, as most of the shutdowns hitherto have been in places much smaller than Woburn—little, almost isolated communities, whence news rarely gets to metropolitan journals.

The reason for the hard times in Woburn is that the Leather Trust finds it more to its advantage to have the work which has been done in that city heretofore done elsewhere in future. In some of the smaller places which have experienced similar adversity the action of a Trust is responsible. In other cases the result is due to the same primary cause, even if there is no Trust in the industry affected—the fact that the aggregation of capital in large places, and its superior efficiency there, have rendered it impossible for the manufacturer in the small town longer to carry on his business profitably.

A shoe-dealer in a Western city recently sold out his business. He had enjoyed an excellent trade, and a friend who knew that the business had been profitable expressed surprise at his action. "The reason is simple enough," was the reply. "It is three years since I have made any money. Last year I did not come out even. If I had kept on a few years, I should have lost all that I have saved. I had a chance to sell out to good advantage, and I jumped at it. Now I am going into the employ of a large wholesale house with which I have had dealings, and I shall get a pretty good salary." The competition of the big department-stores in selling shoes was the reason for this change.

A business man from a city east of the Mississippi who was going to San Francisco, was asked by three or four friends to look around and see if there was an opening for them to invest some spare capital in a promising industry—$15,000 to $25,000 apiece. They could not discover a good opening at home, and thought that probably conditions must be better on the Pacific Coast. The investigator brought back a most discouraging report. In California, as east of the Rockies, the tendency is strong towards the doing of business by great aggregations of capital, and a sum which once seemed quite large enough to establish a new industry seems now too small and weak for consideration.

"What are you going to do, now that you are through soldiering?" asked a Yale graduate of a classmate who left college thirty years ago, and who has been in the Philippines with a Western regiment the past year. "I don't know," he answered. "I am very much puzzled what to do. Fortunately, I don't need to go to work at once to support my family. Indeed, I have money enough, according to the standards of my early manhood, to start some enterprise of my own, and my health is so vigorous that I could put in a good many years of hard work. But there does not seem to be any chance for the small capitalist now to go in and make his capital larger by building up an industry. I can get a subordinate position with a fair salary in some great concern, but I would much rather be my own master."

The cotton manufacturers of New England have been much disturbed by the competition of Southern mills, particu-

larly in the coarser grades of goods. Their Southern rivals hired cheaper hands, who could be employed more hours a day, and who were not controlled by labor organizations. Some Northern manufacturers concluded that the only thing to do was to build mills in the South themselves, and such plants have been established by capital from this part of the country. But the movement has been checked, and a great corporation in Manchester, N. H., has just abandoned a scheme to begin operations in the South. The reason is the discovery that the conditions in the South regarding wages, hours of work, and labor-unions are steadily approaching those in the North; the strike for higher pay, shorter days, and the control of industry by the employee having already been domesticated even as far away as Texas.

We simply note these signs of the times as worthy the attention of thoughtful men. They show how radically things in the business world have changed during the last few years, how universally these changes prevail, and how sweeping is the influence of the tremendous forces which are at work.

Correspondence.

CONVEY THE WISE IT CALL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The character of our title to the Philippines, at least so far as Spain is concerned, receives further elucidation from the recent letter of Judge Day, President of the American Peace Commission, to ex-Congressman Watson of Columbus, Ohio. We are assured in this letter that, "by the cession, for a consideration, we obtained an indisputable title, which must be respected by all other nations." Judge Day says: "It was not claimed that the United States had a right to the Philippine Islands as a matter of conquest. *The United States has never undertaken, so far as I know, to wrest from a foreign country lands or possessions simply by right of conquest.*"

The Judge quotes approvingly the following remarks of Senator Gray:

"After four or five weeks of doubt and anxiety it became apparent that these negotiations must either be broken off and your commissioners return without a treaty at all, and that we would be relegated to the necessity of taking not only the Philippines, but Cuba and Porto Rico by the ruthless hand of conquest, or, by some concessions, . . . gain them by voluntary cession of a treaty of peace. And therefore we believe that it is better for this country . . . that it shall take from them by *voluntary cession and by purchase*, so to speak, those distant islands, rather than expose ourselves in the eyes of the world as playing *a rôle of barbaric conquest, and by military power tread the path of mediæval rapine and warfare.*"

The honorable and high-minded gentlemen who composed the commission scorned to "exhibit" other "than magnanimity" "to a beaten and prostrate foe," and, especially, scorned to expose themselves "in the eyes of the world as playing a rôle of barbaric conquest"; therefore they undertook to obtain the Philippines (for they were determined to have them), "by voluntary cession and by purchase." But, confronted with the awkward fact that Spain had already refused to cede the islands, and had shown no disposition to sell them, these gentlemen presented to the "eyes of the world" a new law of contract—new, though it smacks somewhat of ancient practices—a law under which the purchaser makes all the terms of the sale; a law under which cession and purchase effected under compulsion become valid, and, "so to speak," "voluntary"; a law which makes robbery respectable and its consequences "to be respected," if only the robber tender some compensation to the victim.

But we would have no mediæval rapine and warfare; oh, no! Nor would we "wrest from a foreign country lands or possessions simply by right of conquest." No, not at all, neither then nor now!

Yours respectfully,

Chas. R. Whitman.

Chicago, October 14, 1899.

LOOTING OF CHURCHES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The advocates of the spread of Christianity in the Philippines at the point of the bayonet have denied, with horror, that any of the Catholic churches in the islands had been looted by the American soldiery. Archbishop Ireland, in defence of the Administration, has strenuously denied such a sacrilegious occurrence.

In order to put the matter beyond all doubt, however, I desire to say that there are now on exhibition in the city of Denver, at the book-store of Pierce & Zahn, No. 633 Seventeenth Street, the vestments of a priest and some images taken from a cathedral at Iloilo by a soldier of the Fourth Regulars. He stated to me that he had taken a great many of these vestments, but that, being threatened with mildew, on account of the dampness there, he had spread them out on some lines near his tent, and his comrades had stolen the most of them. The images, some of them being heads of Christ, were evidently broken from the walls or brackets.

Any one who is at all familiar with the Catholic vestments can recognize the genuineness of these at a glance. These "souvenirs" are exposed in the window of the store mentioned for the purpose of attracting trade. I should like to know what Archbishop Ireland thinks of this.

Respectfully yours,

John S. Mosby, jr.

Denver, Col., October 13, 1899.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION IN RHODE ISLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial last week on the "Constitutional Imbroglio" we in Rhode Island are under, sets forth correctly the peculiar quandary we are in because of the advisory opinion of the members of the Supreme Court of this State that the General Assembly cannot call a constitutional convention. The pamphlet passed in review furnishes, as you say, abundant historical proof that the principle of the rule of the majority is one of the fundamentals of the Rhode Island polity. It was not, however, to maintain this position that the pamphlet dwelt upon the sovereign powers of the towns during the historical development of the State. The aim was to show how extensive these powers were, in order that what is left of them may be preserved by express reservation in a new Constitution. (See art. i., sec. 3, of draft of a new constitution submitted, p. 75 of the pamphlet: "The right of local self-government in the town or city is also a constitutional right that the State cannot infringe.")

No such theory is required in order to dispose of the Constitution of the United States. That Constitution is *sui generis*, and stands in a class by itself. It is not only made by the people and is their compact; it is also a compact between the States. It provides, among other things of the nature of contract between different parties, that no State shall ever be deprived of its equal representation in the Senate without its own consent (art. v.). No contractual relationship of this kind exists in a State Constitution, and therefore the limitation in the Constitution of the United States upon the power of the majority has no bearing upon the consideration of the same question in a State Constitution.

In his first inaugural address Abraham Lincoln uttered these profoundly philosophic words:

"The central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does of necessity fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left."

If the advisory opinion is to stand as the final word, then two-fifths and one of the electors of this State can for ever prevent any change in its Constitution.

This would be an oligarchic form of government, and in violation of art. iv., sec. 4, of the Constitution of the United States, guaranteeing to every State in the Union a republican form of government. That State has not a republican form of government where two-fifths and one can prevent three-fifths less one from making and altering their constitution of government. A republican form of government means one in which the majority governs.

A. M. E.

"WEALTH VERSUS COMMONWEALTH."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent editorial you say:

"There is a book called 'Wealth Against Commonwealth' which is directed against monopolies. It is filled with the most frightful accusations, and it has no doubt made a great impression on the public mind, but many of its charges are improbable, if not false, on their face, and none is established by sufficient evidence to sustain a verdict by a jury."

There are no "accusations" of mine in the book. It does not assume in the least to be a work of original research, nor to narrate things which I discovered. Except where its recital is of facts which are not in controversy, and some occurrences abroad, it is but a résumé of the official records, many of them court records.

You speak of a "verdict by a jury." The statements in the book—the book is mine,

but the statements are not—are based specifically on the verdicts of juries in civil and criminal cases, the decisions of State and Federal courts, special tribunals like the Interstate Commerce Commission, and on the findings of State and national legislative investigations. The book has been before the public for five years, but it has not yet been shown that its résumé of the "verdicts" has been incorrectly given or has gone beyond the attested record. In every case I have reported the versions of the facts given by those concerned, as well as those versions which these official findings entitle all students to accept as the authorized versions. There are by actual count over 200 quotations from the arguments and facts urged by the defence.

Of course, there is a mathematical possibility, in the doctrine of chances, that all our judges and investigators, from United States Judge Baxter and the Judges of the Supreme Court of Ohio to the Honorable T. M. Cooley and his associates of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Hon. A. B. Hepburn and his committee of the New York Legislature of 1879, and the Hon. Shelby M. Cullom and his fellow-members of the Senate special committee, and all the other members of all the other commissions and courts have been all wrong, and that not one of these "verdicts" which have been found by them after examination and cross-examination of witnesses under oath, is true, and that all the things done by men who, beginning penniless, have accumulated uncounted millions while they are yet in the prime of life, have been merely evangelical and "benevolent assimilation." If this be true, and these authorities fall, my book, I admit—but, under the circumstances, I admit it cheerfully—must fall with them, for it is built on them.

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD.

[It must not be thought a precedent that we print Mr. Lloyd's protest against an *obiter dictum* roughly summing up our judgment of his book passed in due course in the *Nation*, No. 1522, November 8, 1894.—ED. NATION.]

THE MASSACHUSETTS SLAVE-BURNING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of September 7, p. 187, appeared a communication from "J. D. B.," relating to the burning alive of a negro woman in 1681 in Boston. Those interested in the case will doubtless be glad to have the following further bit of information, obtained from a paper prepared in 1895 by Mr. John Noble:

"1681. Marja, Negro, serv[t] of John Lambe. Arson. 'Pleaded & acknowledged herself to be Guilty of y[e] Fact.' 'Sentence of death, to be burnt at place of execution.'

"Cheffallier Jack, Negro, servant, &c. Arson. 'To be hanged & then taken down & burnt to ashes in the fier with Marja Negro.'"—(Publications of the Colonial Soc. of Mass., iii., 61-2.)

In spite of considerable search, I was unable to ascertain whether the sentence had actually been carried out until I saw the letter of your correspondent referred to above. From the passage quoted by him from Cotton Mather's diary, it appears that the crime was committed July 12 and that the woman was burned September 22.

A. M.

BOSTON, October 13, 1899.

GREAT BRITAIN'S DIMINISHING DEBT AND COAL SUPPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that one of the most important events in recent financial history, and one that has not received as much attention as it deserves, is the extinction of a very large proportion of the national debt of Great Britain within the last few years. The following figures are taken from Whitaker's Almanack for the year 1899. They are most instructive:

For the year	Gross Total of National Debt of Great Britain.
1887	£738,779,176
1898	638,266,482
	£100,512,694

It thus appears that during the eleven years ending in 1898 the debt was reduced by more than one hundred millions of pounds sterling. At this rate it would be altogether extinguished within sixty years or so.

It is to be remembered that John Stuart Mill maintained that the debt ought to be paid off before the coal supplies of the United Kingdom should be exhausted. It is difficult to resist the conviction that this advice has been borne in mind and followed. The coal beds of Great Britain are nearer exhaustion than those of some other countries, and it is usual to speak of this exhaustion as a great calamity which cannot be avoided, but it seems to be forgotten that the national debt of Great Britain will in all likelihood disappear long before her coal, and that this gain will greatly reduce the loss.

DANIEL HOLSMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, 505 CHESTNUT ST., October 10, 1899.

Notes.

A sketch of the life of Elizur Wright of Massachusetts is being prepared by his daughter, Miss Ellen M. Wright. She would like to obtain copies of any letters of his and a file of his paper, the *Massachusetts Abolitionist*. Her address is Medford, Mass.

Swinburne's new tragedy, 'Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards,' will be published late in the autumn by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Doubleday & McClure Company have nearly ready 'Widdicombe Fair' and 'The Golden Vanity and the Green Bed,' old English ballads, illustrated by Miss Pamela Colman Smith; 'In Chimney Corner,' tales of giants and witches, by Seumas MacManus; and a 'Kipling Birthday Book,' compiled with authority by Joseph Finn.

'The World's Orators,' announced by the Messrs. Putnam, has for editor-in-chief Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D., of Johns Hopkins University. It will embrace original translations of classical and Continental oratory. The ten volumes will be learnedly annotated.

The 'Life of Phillips Brooks,' edited successively by the late Rev. Arthur Brooks and Prof. A. V. G. Allen, is now in the printer's hands. It will be published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

'Moments with Art,' short selections in prose and verse by J. E. P. D., is in the press of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The accumulation of reprints on our table is already very large. Notable in fiction are Charles Lever's prolix 'Charles O'Malley,' in the Service & Paton (London) edition (New York: Putnams), rather tryingly condensed into one volume of 628 pages, relieved by sixteen clever pen-drawings by Arthur Rackham; "Mark Rutherford's" 'Revolution in Tanner's Lane' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which goes straight to the mark; Anne Brontë's 'Agnes Grey,' in Downey & Co.'s (London) edition (New York: Scribners), containing Charlotte Brontë's biographical notice of her sisters, Anne and Emily; and F. J. Stimson's "Story of Old Virginia and the Massachusetts Bay," 'King Noanett' (Scribners). Of a mixed character are the third of five volumes of Carlyle's 'Critical and Miscellaneous Essays' in the generous Centenary edition (Scribners); four more volumes in the handy Dent-Scribner Temple Waverley, 'Castle Dangerous,' 'The Highland Widow,' 'The Fair Maid of Perth' (two); four slightly larger volumes of Shakspere in a Chiswick edition (Bell-Macmillan), which follows the Cambridge text and is edited by John Dennis, with full-page decorative illustrations by Byam Shaw; 'Ballads,' three in number, by Dante Rossetti, in a so-called Siddal edition (London: Ellis & Elvey), to which William Rossetti contributes a candid prefatory note, not in excess of praise; Robert Grant's 'Art of Living' (Scribners); Frederick Saunders's 'Salad for the Solitary' and 'Evenings with the Sacred Poets,' (Thomas Whittaker), richly bound and freely illustrated; and the fourth edition of Besant & Palmer's 'Jerusalem, the City of Herod and Saladin' (London: Chatto & Windus; Philadelphia: Lippincott).

The Century Co.'s luxurious edition of Dr. Weir Mitchell's 'Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker' can have few rivals this season in beauty of manufacture, and will be surpassed by none in appositeness of illustration. Here the taste displayed is faultless. The plates fall into four classes—old prints of buildings and scenes, mostly in and about Philadelphia; facsimiles of drawings and documents; portraits after engravings or after originals; and imaginative designs for the story proper, all by Howard Pyle, whose art is drenched in the history of the Revolutionary period. The harmony thus obtained is in perfect keeping with the typography. The two volumes are bound in buff and gold. Upon the merits of Dr. Mitchell's novel we have already expressed ourselves. It will appeal anew to admirers of 'Richard Carvel.'

The editors of the 'Records of the Clan and Name of Ferguson,' noticed in these columns on its appearance in 1895, have brought out a supplementary volume (Edinburgh: David Douglas), containing a considerable amount of data gathered since the original work appeared. Aside from the correction of errors and the filling up of numerous gaps in the genealogical lines, the important features of the supplementary volume are an extended account of Fergusons in the colonies and the United States, and lists of bearers of the name in the British Army and Navy Lists and on the records of the Scottish universities. Those who have the earlier volume will naturally wish this one; and the uniformity of arrangement makes reference and comparison easy.

A blossoming out of Dewey literature was to be expected. Ex-Minister John Barrett's 'Admiral George Dewey' (Harpers) has been put together so hastily that the biography proper stands last, and the opening sounds like an apologia of the author himself. Mr. Barrett notoriously underwent a change of mind about the Filipinos after we had be-

gun war upon them, and was saved from volunteering to help subjugate them by being employed as a syndicate press correspondent at Manila. A fellow-Vermonter, he saw Dewey often and familiarly for the better part of a year, and with much verbiage and repetition conveys, no doubt, a just idea of the Admiral's character, now tolerably familiar. He shows Dewey giving a large license to his trusted subordinates, in contrast with Otis (as lately criticised by Dewey); and dealing liberally with the correspondents, again in contrast with Otis. Mr. Barrett just falls short of being fulsome at times, and has a good word for everybody. He gravely mentions the claim that the Admiral is descended from Charlemagne. Numerous portraits and views lend value to the book.

A welcome is already prepared for Oliver Herford's 'Child's Primer of Natural History' (Charles Scribner's Sons), product of humor with pen and pencil which is at this moment noticeable in more than one rhymester-artist. It is hard to choose among these pictures and jingles, but we will specify "Some Geese," with the goose-girl reading to her charge "by the hour From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er"; "The Chimpanzee," sitting "on the an-ces-tral tree From which we sprung in a-ges gone. I'm glad we sprung"; and "A Penguin," who "tells this dai-ly to the bored fish, 'The *Pen*-guin's might-i-er than the *Sword*-fish.'" As will be seen, the jesting is not all for little heads. Mention should be made of the clever vignettes backing the letter-press, as of the elephant netting a butterfly.

The 'Kipling Primer' of Mr. Frederic Lawrence Knowles (Boston: Brown & Co.) approaches its subject in the light of "the most eminent of living poets"—a judgment perhaps to be interpreted by Mr. Howells's dictum on p. 33, that "Kipling's reputation is greater than that of any English-speaking poet who ever lived." But this also needs interpretation. Mr. Knowles, again, thinks Kipling has "created a new respect for poetry." Still, his admiration is not wholly blind nor his analysis slavish, though feeble. He provides a biography and an appreciation, followed by a descriptive index of books, topics, songs, etc., with liberal quotation of critical opinion, a bibliography, a list of reference articles, etc. The little work will be prized by many.

The "year-book of philanthropy and the hospital annual" known as 'Burdett's Hospitals and Charities,' and an unrivalled source of information and discussion regarding its field, appears somewhat tardily (London: The Scientific Press; New York: Scribners). But Sir H. Burdett promises the next issue by March, 1900, thus establishing a date which he hopes to maintain regularly. In his preface he expresses his gratification that the usefulness of his charitable conspectus is widely recognized in this country, and, referring to the charitable pamphlet "literature of the highest value" published on this side of the water, bespeaks the gift of every such pamphlet for his humane purpose.

While the work just named is in its tenth year, we receive from the Trow Directory, Printing and Bookbinding Co. of this city the first issue of 'The Medical Directory of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut,' edited by E. Eliot Harris, M.D., whose address is No. 33 West Ninety-third Street. Nearly 12,000 names of physicians are registered, nearly 3,000 of dentists, and nearly 4,000 of pharmacists. They are arranged in separate divisions, and geographically, but the physicians are summed up in alphabetic lists for the respective States. A street and avenue directory for Greater New York, by boroughs, is appended, answering to a previous street list of physicians. Valuable, also, are the constitutions of the several medical societies, with their officers. One need not look here for homœopathic or other "irregular" practitioners.

In the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography* for October are printed twelve letters from Washington to Smallwood and Harry Lee, none of which were included in the great collection of Sparks and only two in that of Ford. Those to Lee, of which there are ten, concern patrol service during the Revolution, for which the Light Horse were peculiarly adapted, and some bank stock. One of the military letters points to a hanging for plundering or desertion: "The example, should the man be found guilty and sentenced to death, is wanted more immediately for your own people than the army at large, and therefore the desired good effect would be lost should you march before the trial can be regularly gone thro', and the proceedings confirmed." He urged haste in the trial. The share transaction is characteristic. Lee settled a debt, as he thought, by transferring at par stock that was selling at eighteen per cent. discount, and then asked Washington to express an opinion. "I shall frankly declare that if a disinterested judge is to be found who will say that I ought, under the circumstances which prevailed at the time, to lose the difference between the nominal and the real price of the shares, I will never utter another word on the subject"—a severe but just opinion. This letter, written in September, 1797, is of interest as showing that Washington had left the Presidency pinched in purse. "More than once (without urging it ardently), I informed you that I was in want of money to clear me out of Philadelphia properly, and was obliged at last to leave the city without providing many articles of which my family stood in need."

The London *Speaker* is undergoing a change of direction, and passes under the control of a group of young Oxford Liberals. Hilaire Belloc, F. W. Hirst, and George Trevelyan the younger are well-known names among these promoters. Signed weekly articles by Mr. Bryce, Leslie Stephen, Frederic Harrison, J. M. Barrie, Bernard Shaw, and others are promised; and American affairs will receive exceptional attention.

The most suggestive article in the *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) for October is by Gifford Pinchot, forester of the Department of Agriculture, on the relation of forests and forest fires. He estimates the direct annual loss to the nation by these fires at $20,000,000, and the indirect loss, from the damage to water supply, deterioration of soil, the destruction of the young growth and the loss of the increment of a forest, which may amount to several hundred board feet per acre each year, at a sum much in excess of $30,000,000. The tree which best resists the action of fire is the long-leaf pine, which is protected by its thick bark and long needles. Very singularly, the most valuable (commercially) of the trees on the Pacific Slope, the red fir, seems to take the place of other trees destroyed by fire, and their distribution "is governed, first of all, so far as we know at present, by fire." The statistical expert of the same department, H. Farquhar, shows that, by the law of natural increase, the population of this country at the time of taking the twelfth census will be probably between seventy-five and seventy-six millions. There is also an entertaining account, with illustrations, of a survey expedition of the All-Canadian route by the Stikine River to the Klondike. The author, A. P. Dennis, gives a high character for honesty to the Tahltan Indians. "Of the many tons of food supply left unguarded along the trail, we did not hear of a single case of theft by hungry Indians."

The bibliography of the geographical literature of 1898, published as the September number of the *Annales de Géographie*, is slightly larger than that of 1897, but the number of works noticed, 934, is less by fifty. In addition to the books in the different European languages described, there are references to the principal contents of seventy-four scientific and official serial publications. Forty-seven persons of different nationalities, many of whom are well-known geographers, have aided the editor, M. L. Raveneau, in the preparation of the bibliography. It is arranged according to subjects, and contains both an author and a subject-index.

The main part of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number eight, is devoted to a description, by Dr. Supan, of the ocean floor, in which he advocates naming the different parts after the neighboring lands, instead of after ships or explorers. "If I speak of a Buchan Basin," he says, "no one knows where to look for it, but every one knows where the Peruvian-Chilian Basin is." Minor articles are upon Nordenskiöld's facsimile reproduction of the most famous maps of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the late Christian Garnier's method of transliterating geographical names. In an *Anzeiger*, the German ownership of Lake Kivu is maintained against the claims of the Congo Free State, and an account is given of the Krupp works, in which, on the 1st of January, 41,750 people were employed.

The last volume (June-September) of the *Rundschau*, which completes the twenty-fifth year of its career, is fully up to the usual excellent standard. Fiction is represented by such writers as Isolde Kurz, Paul Heyse, Karl E. Edler, Anselm Heine. There are more than thirty miscellaneous articles and reviews in the volume, to a few of which we would call especial attention. The venerable scholar, Prof. L. Friedlaender, writes in classical German about classical lands under the title "Griechenland unter den Römern," supplementing Mommsen's chapters on the subject. The logical and historical basis of Prof. L. Stein's "Philosophie des Friedens" is so sound that it will prove to many readers a comfort in their disappointment at contemporary events. The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Goethe's birthday furnished the occasion for contributions from Herman Grimm, Friedrich Paulsen, and others. Prof. Paulsen's essay on Mephistopheles leads to the conception of "Faust" as, in one sense, a justification of the existence of evil in the world, and Goethe's creation of Mephistopheles appears as his "poetic catharsis from the element of fruitless negation which, in his youth, had threatened to become dangerous to him." Dr. Julius Lessing, the director of the Berlin Gewerbemuseum, writ-

ing on "Antiquitäten," has some useful suggestions for buyers of bric-à-brac and artistic old furniture; he addresses himself more especially to ladies concerned with the tasteful decoration of their homes, but unfamiliar with the methods of dealers and the true value of the objects they covet.

We have been requested to state that the pamphlet regarding the constitutional muddle in Rhode Island on which we lately commented, can be had of Preston & Rounds, Providence, or of the author, Amasa M. Eaton, in that city, for fifty cents.

—"Since some little time," writes a correspondent, "will elapse before the 'Dictionary of National Biography' reaches the letter Y, it may be as well to correct an erroneous statement regarding the family of Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College, which lately appeared in a leading London journal. 'His wife and only child,' we are there told, 'lie in one grave at the Cape of Good Hope.' The fact, however, is that Yale married twice, and that it was his first wife and his son by her that were buried there. By his second wife he had two daughters. Catherine, the elder of them, married Dudley North, son of Sir Dudley North. She died April 12, 1715, in the thirty-third year of her age, at Little Glemham, Suffolk, where, in the parish church, St. Andrew, it is recorded on a mural tablet that she was interred in an adjacent vault, with two of her children, Catherine and Elihu, and that she was survived by three others, Dudley, Anne, and Mary. Anne, Yale's younger daughter by his second wife, married Lord James Cavendish, son of the first Duke of Devonshire. At Glemham Hall, one of the seats of the Earl of Guilford, who represents the senior branch of the North family, are two full-length portraits of Elihu Yale, a half-length of his daughter Catherine, and a half-length of Lord James Cavendish."

—The "Mediæval Towns" series (Macmillan), which has hitherto found its subjects among the provincial cities of northern Europe, now crosses the Pyrenees and fixes upon the ancient ecclesiastical capital of Castile. In spite of the havoc which Soult and Victor wrought, Toledo still rises majestic upon its rocky promontory, as though disdaining French marshals and despising its more recent enemies, the politicians of Madrid. A town which could once call itself "the crown of Spain, the light of the whole world, free from the time of the mighty Goths," dies hard. Surpassing even Ravenna in the number of its churches, Toledo resembles the Ostrogothic capital in having lost its former degree of importance and in remaining a perfect type of the fossil city. The author of this volume, Miss Hannah Lynch, however deeply she may be depressed by the spectacle of decay and neglect, does not let the sense of melancholy invade her style of writing, which is most sprightly and animated. She keeps history and art equally in the foreground, while frequent references to the poets and chroniclers of Spain show that she is not restricted to her Lafuente. A fondness for studied and highly adjectival description is a characteristic which she constantly displays, but the subjects of her vignettes are well chosen, and she often suggests a beautiful or a touching situation. Her art criticism seems to be grounded upon knowledge, and her account of Toledo's leading painter, El Greco (Domenico Theotocopulos), is notably good. Like its predecessors in the set, this book is illustrated by Miss Helen James, whose delicate drawings lose no part of their charm in passing from Norman or Bavarian to Castilian subjects. While her selection of scenes and buildings is always marked by judgment, we should have welcomed rather more glimpses of San Juan de los Reyes than are given. Remembering Haig's beautiful etching of the nave, we feel a little defrauded in getting only a detail of ornament from within the church and two glimpses of the cloister.

—Breaking entirely new ground, and yet evincing the widest research and also scientific nicety, very welcome is the 'Handbook of the Elements of Place Names in the Northwest Provinces of India,' by Paul Whalley, M.A., Retired Bengal Civil Service, published by David Nutt, London. The day has, to be sure, long gone by when the like of the Isle of Bats (said to be seen, in old official documents, for Allahabad—critically, Ilhâbâd, and formerly, Ilhâbâs) must have set ordinary Britons wondering how their language had established itself in India, just as they must have vainly explored baronetages and knightages for Sir Roger Dowler, as Sirâjuddaulah became by metamorphosis. But, though correctly expressed, the designations of Indian towns, villages, etc., cannot but perpetually offer etymological enigmas even to professed Indianists, to whom, indeed, let alone the wholly uninitiated, the guidance of Mr. Whalley regarding the matters he elucidates will prove most helpful. Much as there is a certain satisfaction in learning the name of a strange animal or flower, so there is in learning what is meant by the toponymal suffixes *ganj, gânw, har, mai, man, nâth, prayâg, pur, shahr, tal,* and *thal,* for instance. Corruptions of *nagar,* 'city,' "occur in nearly three thousand place names in the northwest provinces, chiefly in the Agra division." Again: "I have noted over three thousand village names in the N. W. P. derived from trees; and nearly half of these have no base, but frequently a simple vowel suffix. Nearly every well-known tree thus appears as a place name." Statements like these suffice to show how far the author has gone afield in quest of materials for his treatise. Oddly enough, as he informs us, there is, in the very heart of India, a swamp *(jhil)* named from Noah, Nohjhil, "Noah being a water-saint."

—The 'Catalogue of the Cyprus Museum,' by John L. Myres and Max Ohnefalsch-Richter (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde), will be a welcome handbook to all students of Cypriote antiquities, as it has been prepared in the modern scientific spirit. This is equivalent to saying that it is not only a description of the contents of the museum for which it is primarily intended, but a compact guide to the subject they illustrate. An added element of value is the summary it includes of the results of all the excavations which have been undertaken in the island since the beginning of the British occupation in 1878, "the close," as the preface says, "of what may be called the mythical age of Cypriote archæology." Both authors have the knowledge of their subject which can be acquired only from experience in the field of excavations, and careful scientific observation of the data which these have brought to light. Familiarity of this kind is peculiarly necessary in the case of Cypriote antiquities, owing to the confusion brought about by the unscientific methods of earlier excavators; and both Mr. Myres and Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter have done much towards the establishment of a scientific basis for the chronology of native Cypriote products, especially in the classification of the many local types of pottery, though they still speak of the "lamentably slight degree of accuracy which is at present attainable." The results of their work in this direction are stated, in the introduction to the Catalogue, in a clear and concise manner, which will save much turning-over of the pages of Perrot and Chipiez or Ohnefalsch-Richter's 'Kypros, the Bible and Homer,' and earn, we believe, the proportionate gratitude of those who are occupied with such matters. The Catalogue is carefully and thoroughly indexed, having no less than seven indices. One of these is of objects in other museums which are like those in the Cyprus collection—a most useful kind of reference to the specialist.

—Recent statistics show that, although nominally the conditions for promotion to the doctor's degree are practically the same at all the German universities, nevertheless the number of promotions is by no means in proportion to the relative attendance. During the twelve months covered by the report the total number of doctorates created by the twenty-one institutions was 2,371. The largest contingent was furnished by Erlangen, namely, 332, although in point of attendance Erlangen stands thirteenth on the list. Berlin, with an attendance of matriculated students nearly five times as large as Erlangen, reports only 237, followed closely by Munich with 220, and Würzburg with 181. Indeed, the three Bavarian universities alone furnished 733 doctors, while the ten Prussian universities furnished only 928. There is no formal agreement whatever between the universities of the various states composing the German Federation as to the conditions for promotion. Occasionally, as was the case some years ago with reference to Rostock, a protest is heard against the ease with which degrees are granted, and such protests, as a rule, result in a momentary improvement. In general, it is commonly conceded that the Prussian universities are stricter in their requirements than those of the smaller states. Of the 2,371 degrees granted, about one-half, or 1,187, were in the medical department, followed by the philosophical faculty with 829, the law faculties with 335, and the theological faculty with 20. In Germany, the theological doctorate is never given in course, but only *honoris causa,* and a D.D. is as rare a bird as he is multitudinous in America.

IRELAND'S TROPICAL COLONIZATION.

Tropical Colonization; An Introduction to the Study of the Subject. By Alleyne Ireland. Macmillan. 1899. Pp. xii, 282.

If we pass over, for the moment, the general question of the desirability of colonies and dependencies, and assume that, whether we like it or not, colonies and dependencies are to be thrust upon us, the colonial problem of the United States is mainly comprised in these two questions; first, What is the best way of governing colonies? and, second, Are colonies likely to be of any financial profit to us? On neither of these points can we gather as-

sistance from any experience of our own. That there must be a wrong way and a right way of setting about the business of colonial administration, may reasonably be supposed; but there is sore need of some one in authority to tell us what the right way is, and what are the dangers we need most particularly to avoid. On the other hand, the cost of conquering, holding, and developing the new possessions lately hung about our necks is already seen to be so great that the likelihood of getting back even nominal interest on our money has come to seem remote. Yet, if we are to have outlying territories dependent upon us, we are bound, for the sake of our good name and international standing, to do by them the best possible; while if the extension of American control to these regions holds any promise of commercial or financial return, the knowledge of that fact cannot fail to make strongly for our encouragement.

It is with the modest hope of informing and encouraging us that Mr. Ireland has written his book. He is an Englishman who has passed, he tells us, some dozen years in the British tropical possessions, seven of them in the West Indies and South America. If one may judge from the extended bibliography appended to the present volume, he has searched industriously the literature of his subject. Several articles of his, contributed to the magazines during the last few months, have been somewhat widely commented upon, and have paved the way to a favorable reception for the present work. What he has to say, accordingly, manifestly rests on extensive first-hand information, and is far removed from the hasty generalizations and prejudiced conclusions of which contemporary popular discussion has given us so much.

On the question of how best to govern a tropical colony, Mr. Ireland is disappointing. His sketch of English, French, and Dutch methods is slight, and contains nothing new, and little that has not been several times brought out in the public discussions of the last twelvemonth. In commending, as he does, the superior practical results of Dutch administration in Java, the author is in accord with the general opinion of others who have investigated the subject; but the autocratic character of the Dutch method, and its connection with the culture system, place it in strong opposition to any principles of control likely to find favor in this country. Of the French system, it is hardly too strong to say that the less we have of it in our own colonies, the better. The secret of England's success in colonial administration, as Mr. Ireland clearly shows, lies in the purity and efficiency of its civil service and the independence of that service of partisan political influence. The limitations and dangers of the crown-colony system, however, lately set forth with much vigor and acuteness in Miss Kingsley's 'West African Studies,' while suggesting a possible modification in the near future, do not appear to be regarded by Mr. Ireland as very serious; nor does he dwell on the interesting similarities between that system and the schemes from time to time outlined, on semi-official authority, for the government of our American dependencies.

The question of the profitableness, financially considered, of colonies to the mother country is treated by Mr. Ireland under the two heads of labor supply and the connection between trade and the flag. The author clearly does not wish his readers to cherish any delusions about the labor problem in the tropics. With no exceptions worth naming, climatic conditions under the tropics unfit Europeans for permanent residence, and make it impossible that European laborers should ever be extensively employed there. On the other hand, these same climatic conditions enable the natives to obtain, with but moderate effort, an abundant food supply; and with their simple wants met by the employment of but a relatively small portion of their time in productive labor, the incentive to greater or more continuous effort is lacking. But the development of the tropics, as generally considered, involves the application to them of industrial methods akin to those characteristic of Europe and America; and the problem of labor supply becomes, accordingly, of prime importance. Mr. Ireland describes somewhat in detail the culture system of Java, and the coolie, or indentured-servant, system of British Guiana; and while he is careful not to commit himself directly, the general impression one gathers from his pages is that, in regions in which the pressure of population does not afford a fairly constant supply of labor, some such system of compulsory or long-term service is inseparable from the exploitation of the tropics. The disastrous economic effects of the abolition of slavery, in a colony like Jamaica, are also strongly set out. Unquestionably, the matter is a very serious one, as recent parliamentary blue-books testify. To a country having the peculiar history of the United States, a labor system with the earmarks of servitude is instinctively repugnant. That the intelligent direction of the volume of native labor now employed, together with the introduction of improved methods and labor-saving machinery, would greatly increase the product over its present dimensions, is reasonably certain; but the mature development of tropical resources must evidently wait upon the solution of the problem of labor under physical conditions in which, beyond a certain small amount, Europeans cannot, and the natives will not, work.

The question, "Does trade follow the flag?" is examined by Mr. Ireland with the aid of elaborate statistics, conveniently presented in the form of valuable diagrams and tables. There is probably no more mistaken notion, among many who in our day are clamoring for "expansion," than the one which asserts that, if a particular region of the earth be once brought under American overlordship, the trade of the region will forthwith pass into American control. The larger number of people who want the United States to keep the Philippines, whether the Filipinos like it or not, undoubtedly do so, in great measure, because they think that the possession of the islands will increase American trade, open new markets for our goods, and give more profitable employment to our capital. To such, Mr. Ireland's study of the commercial situation of Great Britain is likely to seem depressing. He shows, among other things, that while the United Kingdom is as dependent now as at any time during the past forty years on the British colonies and dependencies as sources of supply and as markets for her goods, the colonies are nevertheless steadily establishing their commercial independence; that the United Kingdom, from year to year, is receiving a lesser proportion of their imports; and that, during the last twenty years, the United States has been a more important source of supply to the United Kingdom than all the British colonial possessions taken together. The United States is also a better customer of the United Kingdom than are all the remaining portions of the empire; the annual purchases of English goods averaging $1.50 for each American, against $1.02 for each colonial subject. As between the tropical and non-tropical colonies, the latter export to the United Kingdom yearly $23.18 worth of goods per capita, against 66 cents' worth per capita from the former; while the non-tropical colonies consume annually $12.32 worth of English goods per head of population, against 71 cents' worth for the non-tropical colonies.

The lessons for this country which Mr. Ireland permits himself to draw are modestly and briefly put. He does not question our ultimate success in the field of colonial administration; but he warns us of the difficulties in our way, and of the foolishness of thinking that, because we are Americans, we can at once succeed in anything we choose to turn our hand to. Commercially, it is a question of labor supply; and, while he thinks that, in Porto Rico, the pressure of population will before many years bring a fairly adequate and steady supply, he is not hopeful regarding the solution of the problem in Hawaii and the Philippines. As to government, he is inclined to think that, "with a judicious limitation of the franchise," Hawaii might immediately be granted a degree of self-government such as is enjoyed by those British tropical colonies, *e. g.*, Barbados, which have representative institutions without responsible government; while, for Porto Rico, the crown-colony system, or some modification of it, seems, on the whole, the best. As to the Philippines, he is unable, apparently, to offer any suggestion, beyond confessing that the governmental problem there is "infinitely complex," and warning us that "to predict any immediate success would be to close one's eyes to the grave difficulties to be faced, and to credit the American system of government with an elasticity and adaptability which it does not possess."

We have said enough to show that Mr. Ireland's book is worthy of careful reading. It is not, we must admit, a very profound contribution to the subject, nor is it of such a definitive character as to deter any one else from entering the same field. What he has given us is a brief and pleasantly written sketch, on heavy paper and in large type, of a few phases of colonial administration in the tropics with which he is especially familiar, and an account of which he has thought would be of interest in this country. His book will, we fancy, be much read, and deservedly so, but its importance lies less in its permanent value than in the fact that every serious discussion of colonial problems is just now worth attentive consideration.

RECENT FICTION.

Tiverton Tales. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Windy Creek. By Helen Stuart Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Jesus Delaney. By Joseph Gordon Donnelly. Macmillan.

The Barrys. By Shan F. Bullock. Doubleday & McClure.

A Mountain Europa. By John Fox, jr. Harper & Bros.

The White Mail. By Cy Warman. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Well, After All—. By F. Frankfort Moore. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Drives and Puts. By Walter Camp and Lilian Brooks. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

A Bundle of Yarns. By Fred W. Shibley. Providence, R. I.: H. Gregory.

The Lion and the Unicorn. By Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons.

In Guiana Wilds. By James Rodway. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Sand and Cactus. By Walcott le Clear Beard. Scribners.

From the strenuous life waged by most of us less from conviction than necessity, no calmer refuge need be sought than 'Tiverton Tales'—they are so dreamily remote, these New England idylls, from the burning questions of the day. Their quiet charm enwraps the mind as gratefully as autumn haze steeps eyes tired with the summer's glare. A delicate fancy plays through these pages; intimate knowledge has not prevented the idealizing touch. Here and there, it is true, the author has given us mere wraiths, mist shapes, for flesh and blood; but an unfailing grace of style makes attractive even these pallid creations. "A March Wind" has the genuine tang. Amelia, with her gusty sharpness, her drench of penitence and its sunny sequence, is more comprehensible than the maids and widows who reject living and loved lovers to tend the deserted dwellings of the dead; who pass their day in an ancestor worship as devout as that which animates the Shinto devotee, and only less definite. This passion for the past of which the book is full, is not without its appeal, its beauty. Perhaps New England has no better heritage to bestow on a people prone to forget. Nothing in the volume is more pleasing than the little essays "Dooryards" and "The End of All Living," which fitly begin and end it. They have a flavor almost Elian; a mellowness which is rarely found in these days of raw vintages.

Nature is hard and humanity unlovely in the Colorado rain belt as we read of them in 'Windy Creek.' Steely mountains, dry, wind-harried gulches, shut in human lives more bare. Blown thither like the tumbleweed of the prairies from all quarters, the settlers have merged their unlikenesses in a vulgarity which knows no distinctions. The women are hoydens or slatterns, the men boors or brutes; not a gleam of beauty irradiates the picture. There is a certain dry truthfulness as of a stenographic report in the relation of all this—especially do the discourses of the Rev. Mr. Crisp, the Campbellite preacher, seem to have been noted down as they fell from his lips; but it is not pleasant reading. A masterly technique might have justified the exploitation of such sheer ugliness, but we cannot think the world richer for this book.

'Jesus Delaney' is the partial history of a "boy brand snatched from the maw of the Scarlet Woman," to quote the words of the Rev. Mr. Lamb, his rescuer; less figuratively described, a Mexican lad taken from Romish influences and educated by Protestant missionaries. Jesus does not altogether fulfil his benefactor's expectations. We see him the central figure of bull-fights, duels, and political intrigue; the last glimpse revealing him just reprieved from a death sentence. The book is not without brightness, but it is sadly overweighted by its *Tendenz*—the contention of its author that Protestant missionaries in Mexico are harmless frauds, deceiving themselves rather more than their deluded supporters. Without concerning ourselves as to the truth of this thesis, there can be no doubt that its continued iteration in a work of fiction is a serious artistic blemish. It may possibly offend those who care for missions, but it is very certain to bore those who do not. Readers who, anticipating the sweets of fiction, find themselves tasting the bitter pill of controversialism, will be likely, in their irritation, to accuse the author himself of practising a fraud not justifiable by any plea of pious intentions.

Shan Bullock gives us, in 'The Barrys,' not only the fresh, vivid picture of Irish country life which we are accustomed to associate with his name, but an uncommonly good study in temperament as well. Frank Barry unites the rôles of hero and villain in one person—an arrangement to be commended not only for its economy of space, but for the naturalness of its product. He would have dearly loved to be honorable and upright, but circumstances, largely of his own creating, were too much for him. He cuts a poor figure, but his plea is the universal one of us all who sin, "because we must, and not because we will." The convincing Hibernianism of the author never relaxes even when the scene shifts to London and the British Philistine is in question.

It might be said of 'A Mountain Europa,' as of Shakspere's "Cymbeline," that it is neither a comedy nor a tragedy, since it has not a comic scene, yet ends happily; for the slaying of the heroine on her bridal night, which the last chapter records, cannot properly be considered a catastrophe. Author and hero must have drawn a freer breath, as does the reader, when released from the perplexing problem of her presence. A young university man doing a bit of practical work in the Tennessee mountains is attracted by the beauty of a wild mountain girl, and sets himself to civilize her, with the not unnatural result of winning her heart. She manifests this with great frankness, and her passion inspires something of a return in him, so long as the Jellico Mountains hide the incongruities of the situation. But a recall to his city home opens his eyes to the full measure of his folly. Nevertheless, he returns to Easter Hicks, the marriage is performed, and he is saved from its life-long consequences only by the bad temper of the murderous old outlaw, his father-in-law, who is taking unsteady aim at his new relative when his own daughter rushes upon the bullet. It is to be hoped that Clayton carried away from this experience something more than a sublime assurance that Providence could always be relied upon to help him out of his scrapes. More praiseworthy than the plot are the renderings of mountain dialect and the descriptive touches, in both of which Mr. Fox excels.

Cy Warman can always impart a living interest to a story through his close intimacy with locomotives, yard-masters, signals, switches—with all that pertains to railroading, in a word—from a manager's meeting to a frog. The tender enthusiasm he feels for the denizens of his iron jungle is contagious. With personal concern the reader follows the fortunes of the White Mail, the West Silver Creek Bridge, McGuire's Section, Jack Connor's Water-Tank, the lonely wolf-and-Indian haunted station on the plains. In elevating the freckled Tommy, step by step, from "onry," mischief-working imp to President of the Inter-Mountain Air Line, the author has contrived to escape the obvious risks of twaddle. "A man who is always hugging a grievance will forget to flag," says Tommy. Yet, considered as a maker of a book and not as Pygmalion to the Galatea of the railroad yard, Mr. Warman has more completely captivated the imagination in his short stories than in this latest work, where the demands of a continued narrative have made against his peculiar talent for episode. If, however, as a story it is for boys, its engines throb with life for boys of both sexes and any age.

The author of 'Well, After All—' has brought to the making of the novel a curiously raw group of materials, as, first, a run on a bank, converted to confidence by a dummy bag of gold and a deposited check; second, the eight years' constancy of a woman to a South African traveller who, on his part, regards seven years as the period of "Nature's Statute of Limitations" in love as in physics; third, a satire on the ways of publishers and their humanities in wishing Arctic explorers to freeze till the new African book has appeared; fourth, singing as taught by an Italian enthusiast unscrupulous as to all save dramatic results. To bring these bumping materials into any relation, there is needed a powerful solvent which is offered, but hardly furnished, in a midnight murder. Even of this the charm is greatly lessened by the crystal clearness of the mystery—a singular hodge-podge, the whole! The taking title is the best of the work; a bush plainly justified by the quality of the wine.

'Drives and Puts' may pleasantly fill those otherwise wasted moments when adverse weather, or the unwelcome night, or the misfortune of the fireside shall detain the golf-players from his and her links of duty. The bad top, the foozle, the heart-disease put, the nasty hazard, dormie two, the well laid-back club, the flub-dub, the Burton special, bad slicing, the score fiend, the medal-play sharp, the gallery, the place lie, the follow through, one off two—are words to conjure with. To read them is to the true golf-lover like the smell of the gravy to the gamin at the railing, or the first hint of dawn to him who watches for the morning. Around the mashies and mid-irons are wreathed sketches of love and honor, bright sentences and clever studies of the primitive village communities whose pastures, when they are good, enter into glory and become golf links. Upon the literary aspect of the book, however, we touch lightly, leaving that to the golf editor.

'A Bundle of Yarns' is made up of many threads of boy, man, girl, and horse nature and dialect on a Canadian farm. The aspects of life are not always the most edifying, but a note of shrewd observation makes itself heard, and compels acquiescence in the fidelity of the descriptions.

Of Mr. Davis's five stories the best three deal with recent war episodes. Whatever may be said of their author's historic imagination, they show a gallant and generous enthusiasm for uncomplaining heroism,

whether in the case of the sick lieutenant returning from Santiago in the fever ship, or of the civil engineer pleading for Cuba in the North, or of the young English subaltern sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for riding with Jameson. At times the style is artistically unstudied; at others there are touches of a fine skill—the fever picture, for example, is enough to send up the temperature. Again, at certain points are gleams of the disfiguring tinsel in the golden fabric of the legend, usually quite needless, therefore to be excised as easily as lamented.

The identical equipment, by certain reading and colonial residence, which did not wholly justify James Rodway's launching into a history of 'The West Indies and the Spanish Main,' a year or two ago, suffices rather handsomely for his romance, 'In Guiana Wilds.' A wakeful plot; commendable tolerance, in general, for ethnologic possibility; the utilizing, without undue violence, of the historic myths of the Orinoco region (Raleigh's contributions inclusive); abounding local color, which seems reasonably authoritative, and an unpretentious medium—all combine to make an interesting and often convincing story of the matrimonial and other mishaps of a none too heroic Scotch clerk, adrift among Boviander and Arawak. Perhaps the weakest link in the chain is "Samarang." The Indian Shaman, whose eminence derives wholly from his superior shrewdness, is not wont to entangle himself so stupidly. But this is a detail. So also are Mr. Rodway's rather lingering and iterant analyses of the comparative "passion" of women Caucasian, Mulatto, and Indian; but here the discreet critic, howsoever travelled, may well pass on with no more than an "experto credite."

There are "Sand and Cactus" in New Mexico and Arizona, as well as many features larger and better worth seeing. There have been also, in times mostly remote, sporadic gentlemen "from the head-waters of Bitter Creek"; and with their ensanguined effigies we are already reasonably familiar by grace of a certain literature, though they themselves long ago met persons from still further up stream. That these idiosyncrasies, however, were never wholly typical, is perhaps suggested by the fact that both Territories still cumber the map. Were they all desert, or did so much as 10 per cent. of their denizens make good their traditional "man for breakfast," no civil engineer of literary tastes would by now be needed to build them irrigation reservoirs, which was Walcott le Clear Beard's vocation to the lower Southwest. His book, of title quoted, indicates, however, that these things are what he saw of New Mexico and Arizona—or at least what he deemed typical enough to be set down. Of anything structural, generic or inseeing, there is no recognition in these ten really clever and dramatic short stories; no hint, for instance, of the vast forests which overlook the desert and regulate the waters he was called to impound; nor of the tremendous sceneries of the "Mesa country," unique in physical geography, which is six-tenths of the two Territories, as the desert is but its detritus; nor of the almost matchless antiquarian interest, "with the ruins of full fifteen hundred prehistoric towns in either Territory"; nor yet of the overwhelming majority of sober, hard-working, law-abiding lives (but none the less picturesque for being humanly possible) except for which the Territories were a self-evident absurdity. It really seems that by this time the market should be slack for lands peopled exclusively with freaks, a six-shooter in their one hand, their life in the other. Mr. Beard's Southwest never was, nor ever could be, except in the spectacular conventions of melodrama and a now more, now less, sublimated dime-novelling; of both of which we should have had nearly enough. It is true, he handles and redresses the familiar puppets with clear constructive skill and vitality of personation; but they are, after all, stage people, not live ones.

Present-Day Egypt. By Frederic Courtland Penfield, United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General to Egypt, 1893-'97. The Century Co. Pp. xiii, 372.

There is much interest in this book of a fine, confused kind. In spite of a style far over the line into journalism, Mr. Penfield sets before us clearly and vividly his sensations and ideas, impressions and judgments, on Egypt, land, people, and rulers as they now are. He has put into the book a wealth of experience in Egyptian ways and life, a store of the anecdotage and semi-historical gossip that his official position made easy to him, and much of the full history that has been making during his stay in Egypt. Perhaps there is even more in the book than he thought he was putting there. That he says some things is more significant than the things that he says.

For this is not an ordinary book with descriptions of bazaars and mosques and sunsets on the Nile. It is true that the first three chapters (pp. 1-103) are taken up with Cairo and Alexandria, dealt with much as in other books, only more incisively and picturesquely than in most. We may miss the exact clarity of Lane or the point and vivacity of Burton, yet the Cairene life and color stand out in these pages as in few others. But the book really begins with the fourth chapter and its lucid description of a "paradoxical but effective administration." In it we learn how Egypt is governed; about the English army of occupation, which has no business there, but is necessary just the same; about Lord Cromer, who *de jure* is only the diplomatic representative of England, but *de facto* rules the country; about the International Debt Commission and the International Court; about what all this means for Egypt, and what Egypt has gained from it and thinks about it. We do not remember to have seen anywhere else so clear a statement of the whole tangle. Whether Lord Cromer will like to hear that he has neither humor nor imagination, evidently does not matter to Mr. Penfield; his book is confessedly journalistic in aim and plan.

The next chapter is on expansion by irrigation, and describes the gigantic engineering works by which the Nile is to be put in bondage and the harvests of the country increased by one quarter. The dam at Assuan, which Ibn Haytham planned nearly nine hundred years ago, but feared to attempt, is to be completed in 1903, and, with the smaller barrage of Assiut, will add to Egypt some twenty-five hundred square miles of fertility. Mr. Penfield is excellent when he deals with present conditions and future probabilities, but the Bahr Yûsuf for him was planned and carried out by Joseph of Israel; and the Arab mathematician of real history who had to feign madness to get out of his contract with the mad Khalifa al-Hâkim, he has never heard of. As he says himself, he writes "neither for the Egyptologist, antiquarian, nor historian," and it is well for everybody that he does not. He has a place of his own to fill, and he fills it. Then the story of the Suez Canal is plainly told, and we learn how Egypt entered through it into the house of bondage. That record of usury, duplicity, and greed explains other things as well; the difference between the canals at Suez and at Panama is that the one was carried through and all the scandal covered up. On only one point is Mr. Penfield inadequate: he makes no mention of the Austrian Negrelli, who examined the ground in 1847 and again in 1855-'56, and worked out an elaborate plan. In 1858 he was appointed by Said Inspector-General of the works at Suez, but died the same year, and his plans were bought by De Lesseps. The next two chapters continue the story of Egypt, through the viceroyships of Ismail and Tewfik and the Arabi rebellion, down to the accession of the present Khedive. It is not a history in the ordinary sense that is given—rather a series of sketches, sometimes, it may be, on the verge of gossip, but touched throughout with the freshness of the first-hand. The estimate of Arabi, though severe, seems to be true. The moral of the whole is lavish expenditure, debt, administrative folly, ruin.

But it is in the two chapters which follow—on the present Khedive and the British position in Egypt—that Mr. Penfield makes his most personal and interesting contribution to the problem. He is of two minds at once, and it may be doubted how far his own position is clear to himself. He acknowledges frankly that England has pulled Egypt out of a terrible hole; that the condition of the people has been very greatly improved by the English rule; that the results are marvellous, and that England only could have achieved them; but he has a warm personal regard for the present Khedive Abbas, and, with permission for the slang, he wants him to have a show. How this could be reconciled with the prosperity of the country, Mr. Penfield does not make plain. He admits that Egypt is not capable of self-government, and that the benefits of the English occupation would be obliterated six months after it ended. His dilemma is evident, and if it were between British imperialism and the right of a people to govern itself at any cost in the experiment, it would be to his credit. But so much cannot be said of a dilemma between an imperialism such as that of England and a shaky autocracy such as independent rule by Abbas would mean. Neither gives self-government; one would probably be ruin.

The last chapter deals with wintering in Egypt for health. It gives much useful information and advice.

The illustrations deserve mention. They are fifty-two in number, from drawings by Paul Philippoteux and R. Talbot Kelly, and from photographs. There are also two maps.

The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant. Edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1899.

At the end of forty years in the wilder-

ness of the literary profession. Mrs. Oliphant declared that, on the whole, she had had a happy life. She had seen her husband die in his youth, and the three children for whom she toiled fade one by one and leave her a lonely old woman. It is only the wonderful elasticity of her temperament that saves her autobiography and letters from being a gloomy memorial of failure. As it is, they are a record of a most plucky and pathetic struggle, in which her sorrows, and trials that were harder than sorrows, make it seem natural that, like Johnson, she should dismiss with frigid indifference the question of ultimate literary success. "I am no more interested in my own characters than I am in Jeanie Deans, and do not remember them half so well." She was too acute not to realize that there is small hope of immortality for offspring so promptly disowned. Writing novels was her "natural way of occupying herself"; she wrote books as happier women do plain sewing—the work once done and the rent and school-bills paid with the proceeds, there was an end. Mrs. Oliphant would have been the last to claim the name of artist; in her homely Scotch fashion, she would have flouted the notion that she had ever been fired with the conception of literary form. For all that, she was human enough to cherish the fancy that, given four square walls in the New Jerusalem for another trial, and no Lucrezia, she too might have scaled the heights that George Eliot mounted with so little material hindrance. "No one will even mention me in the same breath with George Eliot," she moans, with naïve chagrin, adding, with much shrewdness and a grain of malice: "I think she must have been a dull woman with a great genius distinct from herself, something like the gift of the old prophets, which they sometimes exercised with only a dim sort of perception what it meant" (p. 7). Mrs. Oliphant was emphatically not dull, but her Life does not suggest the woman of letters. In the forty years in which she wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine* she produced some eighty novels, countless articles and short stories, some very respectable biographies, and, last of all, her annals of the house of Blackwood. Carlyle once said that a good history of booksellers would be much more valuable than most histories of kings, and it is likely that Mrs. Oliphant's two last volumes of literary history will secure her readers when the public, following her example, will have forgotten the very titles of her novels.

The autobiography was not written systematically. It was intended for her boys, but they died without seeing it. Mrs. Oliphant wrote the last part of it in 1894, when her youngest son lay dead in the next room. She lived a life so secluded that the details of it are little known. Her first proofs from *Blackwood* reached her on her wedding morning, and from that hour she supported first her own family, later her brother's also. When her husband died of consumption in 1859, she was £1,000 in debt, and had only her faculties and her furniture to rely on for herself and her three children. The Blackwoods were her main support, and she was never in actual want. She complains of having been ill-paid, but managed to make enough to educate her boys at Eton and Oxford, and to maintain a comfortable home at Windsor. The "Carlingford Series" was her first real success, and almost made her "one of the popularities of literature—*almost*, never quite." Mrs. Carlyle became intimate with Mrs. Oliphant when the latter was collecting material for the life of Edward Irving, and there are pleasant glimpses of both the Carlyles. In 1866 she writes:

"I have had a little visit from Mrs. Carlyle, who is looking very feeble and picturesque, and as amusing as ever, and naturally has been taking away everybody's character, or, perhaps I ought to say, throwing light on the domestic relations of the distinguished people of the period. I was remarking on the eccentricity of the said relations, and could not but say that Mr. Carlyle seemed the only virtuous philosopher we had. Upon which his wife answered: 'My dear, if Mr. Carlyle's digestion had been stronger, there is no saying what he might have been!'"

Mrs. Oliphant was intensely reserved, with a Scotch pride and shyness that kept her circle of acquaintance limited. To all but a few intimate friends her autobiography will be a revelation of a truly pathetic fortitude under distresses so endured that to many she gave the impression of callousness. There are two good portraits in the volume, which in its general get-up is very pleasing.

Croquis Architectureaux. Par F. Boutron et M. Moisand. Paris: Ch. Schmid; New York: Bruno Hessling. 1899. 40 plates, 12 in. x 18 in.

To the facile draughtsman, the making of sketches of imaginary architecture has so potent a fascination that no great length of time goes past nowadays without some addition to the list of sketch-books devoted to this form of art. Nor is it by any means a newly discovered form of artistic expression. The painters of the Renaissance, half architects as most of them were, could not refrain from filling their backgrounds with delightful buildings, for the most part quite impossible of execution in any more substantial medium than fresco or oil colors. What pleasant glimpses of that charmingly impossible thing called painter's architecture are brought up by the mere names of Botticelli, Carpaccio, and Dürer.

At a later time the impetuous Piranesi, trained both as an architect and scene painter, and deriving from that training his knowledge of constructional realities as well as his splendid freedom of conception and execution, made those remarkable imaginative compositions, the "Carcere d'Invenzione," which stand to-day, as they have for a hundred and fifty years, as the highest result of the creative power of the painter-architect designing without a thought of the realization of his ideas in stone. As Théophile Gautier says: "Piranesi se plait à bâtir avec sa pointe d'aqua-fortiste des constructions chimériques, mais douées d'une réalité puissante et mystérieuse." To Piranesi's work all must go who would see with Michelet those vast subterranean prisons, those bottomless pits devoid of air, those stairs which mount to the infinite, those bridges that plunge into the abyss. And to Piranesi all do go who essay the art of the imaginative architectural designer. From him they all learn something more than the mere tricks of their art.

Within the last few years a group of men making no pretence to general pictorial ability have so arrested their day-dreams that we may see them by merely opening the leaves of their sketch-books. In Germany the inspiring designs of Halmhuber and of Otto Rieth have made known to us that there are at least some architects in the Fatherland who care for other things than correctly Palladian Reichsgerichtsbauten and grandiose Reichstagsgebäude. At home here we have watched the growth of Kirby's delightful collection of sketches, mediæval strongholds put to modern uses, towers, exquisite as those of Chartres and tall as the Giralda, sufficient in their own grace and serving no end but that of beauty, arches spanning roads as ample as Broadway and filled with the leisure of Sleepy Hollow. Now it is France that adds her volume to the collection. The sketches of Messrs. Boutron and Moisand, more akin to those of Rieth and Halmhuber than to Kirby's, have nevertheless that individuality which all such work must have if it is to be of any value. Not only does one get the personal touch of the authors in their sketches, but the touch of the nation whence they come. Such things done just in this way are quite impossible of execution in Germany, in England, or even here, where so many of our younger architects have been trained in Paris, in the very École the influence of which is seen in the sketches of Boutron and Moisand. Very slight and unelaborated some of them are, indeed scarcely workmanlike. Old Piranesi would have defaced his plate sooner than have such work appear to taunt him with its meagreness. Still, with their many defects and their distinct inferiority to the work not only of one who, like Piranesi, was *facile princeps*, but to that of their contemporaries in the same field, the sketches are at least entertaining, and some of them have qualities that raise them far above that level.

One of the best of them is a simple, dignified entrance to a railroad tunnel—prosaic subject enough, but treated in such a ponderous way as befits a mass of masonry against the side of a mountain, expressive of its own purpose and structurally sane, which cannot be said of all the things in the book. Another sketch gives us the grand *escalier* of some vast ornate hall of justice, where the human figures ascending the stairs seem mere pigmies under the great vault. The authors have not deigned to attach descriptive titles to their compositions, but it is not difficult to provide them. In one, a great platform, surrounded by massive mortuary chapels, supports a sturdy obelisk from the top of which the Gallic cock, some twenty feet of stature, crows exultantly. One recognizes in this a monument to the defenders of the nation. Other monuments there are, planned as curved colonnades or as gigantic exedræ led up to by long flights of steps; bridges; casinos; pantheons mounted on unscalable heights—in brief, and without meaning any disparagement to the work of the collaborators, ideas enough to furnish forth the scenery of Christmas spectacles for the entire twentieth century.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days. By E. Blantyre Simpson. London: Hodder & Stoughton; New York: Scribners. 1899.

It is ungracious to criticise a labor of love that not only harms no one, but may give pleasure; and it is in the spirit of semi-idolatry which the brave spirit and wayward charm of Stevenson the man roused in many who knew him, that this book is written. For those to whom no relation, however trivial, concerning him is unimportant, it

will have value; but to those who content themselves with a more temperate admiration of Stevenson the writer, it will have little. So much of it is either speculation as to what the boy, Lewis, might have seen or heard or read, or description of his baby tea-set and his poplin dress—trimmed, was it, with red or green velvet?—that it is neither good biography nor good fiction. The author has been unfortunately influenced, too, by Stevenson's love of apt words, to imitate him where he most baffled imitation; and this leads her to vary her text by alluding to him by first one and then another nickname, from the *Lew*, *Smout*, and *Smoutie* of his Edinburgh days, to the *Tusitala* bestowed on him by the Samoans. As a result, we have the simple statement, "Stevenson wrote much of boats," dressed in this affected fashion: "Ships bulk largely in Tusitala's tales." The book surfeits with such fine writing.

In spite of all this, it gives a pleasant notion of Stevenson's parents, his nurse, to whom his life-long devotion was most creditable, and himself. Many people will learn here for the first time that he was bred a lawyer, and doubtless with equal surprise that his family pronounced his name "Lewis," and that its Gallicized spelling arose from this odd circumstance:

"Robert Lewis Balfour, our hero was baptized. Perhaps he thought there was a superabundance of letters in R. L. B. S. The Balfour soon dropped out of his name, and early he became R. L. S. . . . He also, like his grandsire [Lewis Balfour], started in life with his name spelt Lewis. The story of the change to Louis is remarkable. Mr. Stevenson was a strong Conservative. Now in Robert Louis Stevenson's youthful years there was a Radical Town Councillor yclept Lewis. So strong was Mr. Stevenson's aversion to the man that he ordered that in future his son's name should be spelt differently, even with a Frenchified turn in it, for fear the two families should be thought in any way connected."

Intimate China; The Chinese as I Have Seen Them. By Mrs. Archibald Little. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Mrs. Little's handsome book is something more than a parlor-table ornament. While her husband writes on the Yangtse gorges and gives us philosophy and history, she professes modestly to tell only of things on the surface. In reality, by informing us, from long personal experience, of the home life of the Chinese, she adds greatly to our knowledge of this people, showing especially how nature powerfully influences man, both native and alien. For example, in her chapter on *fung-shui*, or the belief in climatic influences controlled by spirits, she shows how this belief in the agency of evil spirits gains upon the foreigners living among the Chinese. She cites the case of "Dr. Nevius, one of the most high-minded and noblest missionaries" in her circle of acquaintance, whose book on 'Demon Possession' is as full of Chinese influence as of second-rate testimony. On the other hand, she shows that the Chinaman, by looking well to wind, water, sunshine, and other details that affect bodily health, is, at least, no more of a fool than the average real-estate agent or house-renter in other lands, who often ignores these things.

In very delightful style, the author crowds her readable pages with pleasant anecdotes and episodes. In "the romantic East" she found unromantic refuge in the cellar when the thermometer was at 120 degrees. She discusses without prejudices consuls, missionaries, and public functionaries, native and foreign. As a rule, while at the hong, tea-table, and clubroom the missionary fraternity is despised, the general praise of the individual healer or converter is warm and long. In her chapter on foot-binding, she makes it clear that this peculiarly Chinese custom does not connote rank, and that the idea of its being done to prevent females from gadding about is a purely foreign notion. She never ceases to praise the Chinese women for their modesty, dignity, business ability, and helpfulness to their husbands. Her testimony is but one of hundreds that in personal delicacy and hesitancy to expose the person, the Chinese man, as well as woman, is immeasurably superior to the Japanese.

Mrs. Little's travels in the empire took her into many provinces and enabled her to enjoy a wide range of observation. She is a hearty believer in the doctrine that the best interests of China and of mankind at large will be subserved by maintaining the political integrity of the empire. She is not blind to the shadows in the picture, frankly acknowledging that corruption is widespread. The most honest men in high office seem to be those who have least to do with Peking. Her remarks about the recent failure of the reform movement are suggestive and illuminating, Not much is to be hoped for China while the "ring," of which the Empress-Dowager is the centre, controls the destinies of the land. Our author's clear and wise arguments against the impossibility of making over the Chinese by any new or external means, and in favor of renewing country and people by the slow but sure methods of morality and religion, seem unanswerable.

Pickett and his Men. By LaSalle Corbell Pickett (Mrs. G. E. Pickett). Published by Mrs. Pickett, Washington, D. C. Printed and bound by The Foote & Davies Co., Atlanta, Ga. 8vo, pp. 439.

In this handsome volume the widow of the Confederate General who led his division in the historic and desperate charge at Gettysburg, relates the facts of his military career. She does more: she tells parts of the romantic story of her own married life in the closing year of the civil war, and the strange experiences of the interval between the wreck of the Confederacy and the full establishment of peace, when the survivors of the Southern army could settle themselves to industrious bread-winning with assurance of unmolested safety. These passages have a value that no other chapters of the book can possess. Her outline of her hero's life is authentic, and her praise of him and his devoted followers is eloquent, yet this deals with history that others could write, if not in such glowing terms. But her personal experience is unique and all her own. Here was a young thing, hardly more than a child, courted and won by a soldier already distinguished, just before he marched with Lee to invade the North in 1863, and in the first weeks of their betrothal came the great battle of Gettysburg which made his division and himself known to the whole world. Their marriage followed close on the end of the campaign, and his duties in and about Petersburg permitted her to share a good deal of his camp life. She was in Richmond when it fell into our hands, half destroyed by the fires set by the retreating Confederates, and the perils of the great conflagration were mingled with the terrors of capture by an enemy. With dramatic instinct the story is begun here, and she lets us share the emotion of a young mother with her babe in her arms witnessing such scenes, and in the midst of them hearing the newsboys shouting the battle of Five-Forks and the death of her husband! Fortunately, the crowning calamity proved untrue, and, after a week of terrible suspense till the surrender at Appomattox, Pickett himself returned to disprove the harrowing story.

Before the full protection given by Grant's issue of paroles was understood, Pickett, on advice from friends on the national side, took refuge in Canada for some months. His wife's journey to join him there was filled with adventures stranger than any fiction. Their later return to build a cabin on the ruins of the old home on the James is told with genuine feeling and power. A great deal of faithful labor and skill has been expended upon the history of Pickett's military life from his West-Point graduation in 1846, in the Mexican war, on the Northwest frontier, when the boundary at Puget's Sound was nearly the cause of strife, as well as in the Confederacy; but we repeat the judgment that the chapters of the life of the young wife and mother in that turmoil of war will give the book a value to the historian, as well as a charm to the sympathetic reader, which will far exceed that of the military narrative, carefully as it has been prepared.

The Boy's Book of Inventions: Stories of the Wonders of Modern Science. By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday & McClure Company. 1899. 8vo, pp. 354.

Here is a fairly good book for boys, telling about automobiles, tall buildings, Lake's submarine boat, the new kites, the phonograph, Langley's aerodrome, wireless telegraphy, liquid air, and the Roentgen rays—subjects ranging from those whose principles are obvious for every boy, to those which must remain mysteries in his mind; from those which solve practical problems whose chief factors a boy can profitably consider, to those whose practical side is not yet understood; from those which depend upon no new knowledge, but only upon new economic conditions, to those which have startled the scientific world. Mr. Baker has made his book entertaining. He has not loaded it down with information. On the contrary, it must be an inactive-minded boy who is satisfied with what he finds here. The question of dollars and cents is, in most of the chapters, brought to the focus of attention. The purpose seems to be to turn the boy's love of the marvellous to account in order to impress him with conceptions of the great science of economy. Mechanical contrivances, his natural delight, are kept scrupulously out of view. Purely scientific matters are apparently not deemed important enough to call for any great accuracy of statement. Thus, to give one example out of many, the boy is told that heat, light, and electricity are all vibrations of the ether (p. 83); although, in fact, heat is the energy of relative motion of the minute parts of ordinary matter, and is not necessarily vibratory, while a charge of electricity, whatever it is, is certainly not a vibration. It

would have been perfectly possible without making the book any the less entertaining, to have given it a high value for the boy's growing understanding of the scientific points involved in the different inventions, so that he should treasure and cherish it more and more with advancing years. Its thick, glossy paper, almost like Bristol board, suggests that it was intended to be read many times and pondered deeply; but such an expectation will be disappointed. A book after a boy's own heart, therefore, it is not quite, though a boy will be glad enough to get and read it. The illustrations are interesting and not extravagant.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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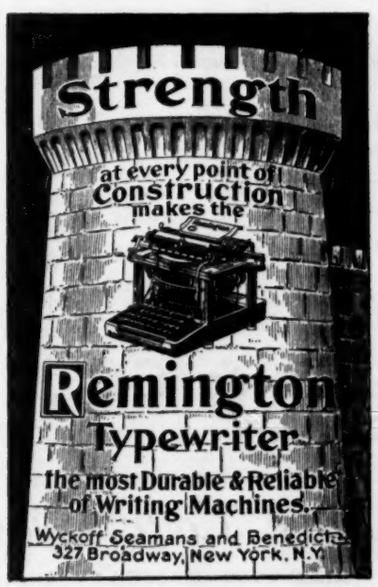

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